

QUEEN MARY

By the same Author

A SEPTUAGENARIAN'S SCRAP BOOK

KING GEORGE V

QUEEN ALEXANDRA

LORD KITCHENER

ETC. ETC



QUEEN MARY & PRINCESS ELIZABETH

1927

QUEEN MARY

By

SIR GEORGE ARTHUR, BT.



LONDON
THORNTON BUTTERWORTH, LTD.

Durga Sah Municipal Library,

Nov 1971

ଦୁର୍ଗାଶାହ ମୁନିଷିପାଲ ଲିବ୍ରେରୀ

କଟକ ଜିଲ୍ଲା

Class No. ୧୦୩ ୧୦୩

Book No. (୧୯୭୧) M 461 F

Received On.

FIRST PUBLISHED 1935

All Rights Reserved

MADE AND PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
AUTHOR'S FOREWORD	xiii
I EARLY YEARS	I
II IN FLORENCE	13
III THE FIRST JUBILEE	24
IV MARRIAGE	33
V BIRTH OF PRINCE OF WALES	43
VI DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA	53
VII THE COLONIAL TOUR	63
VIII AUSTRALIA	74
IX NEW ZEALAND AND SOUTH AFRICA	82
X CANADA AND HOME	93
XI TOUR IN INDIA	108
XII CORONATION	128
XIII THE DURBAR	147
XIV BERLIN AND PARIS	162
XV QUEEN MARY AND ART	173
XVI THE WAR	184
XVII THE KING'S ILLNESS	194

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Queen Mary with Princess Elizabeth, 1927	<i>Frontispiece</i>
The Duke and Duchess of Teck, Princess Victoria Mary and Prince Adolphus 10
The Duchess of Teck with her children 10
Princess Victoria Mary, 1873 11
Princess Victoria Mary, 1892 30
Princess Victoria Mary, 1892 31
Princess Victoria Mary 31
The Duke and Duchess of Teck with their children	34
The Wedding of the Duke of Cornwall and York to Princess Victoria Mary 35
Four Generations 44
The Duchess of Teck, the Duchess of York and Prince Edward, 1894 45
Princess of Wales, 1905 94
Victoria Mary, Princess of Wales, with her son, Prince Edward, 1906 95
Queen Mary at the opening of Parliament, 1911	. 144
Queen Mary in coronation robes, 1911 145

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING
PAGE

The Delhi Durbar, 1911	156
The King and Queen at the Order of the Garter Service, 1913	157
During the Great War	188
At the Wedding of Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles	189
At Balmoral	192
The King and Queen at Eton College	193
The King and Queen after the former's illness, 1929	196
At Ascot	197
Queen Mary, 1934	200
Princess Nicholas, The King, Princess Marina, The Duke of Kent, The Queen and Prince Nicholas	201



ST JAMES'S PALACE, S.W.

April 11, 1935.

Dear Sir Tresham Lever,

The Prince of Wales greatly appreciates your wish to devote one half of the net profits of Sir George Arthur's book on the Queen to "King George's Jubilee Trust."

You may certainly announce, in any way you think best, that this contribution has the approval of His Royal Highness.

Yours sincerely,

Godfrey Thomas -

La vie n'est pas un plaisir ni une douleur, mais une affaire grave dont nous sommes chargés, et qu'il faut conduire et terminer à notre honneur.

Tocqueville.

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

This little volume, void of any literary merit or inside knowledge, represents a rough attempt to suggest the part a Queen Consort has played in proving that the British Throne, through a period of cruel unrest, has remained wholly unshaken largely because it is founded far less on strength than on love.

In any sketch, however inadequate, of Queen Mary, the honest difficulty lies in tracing on her shield any of those shadows without which the lights are apt to seem monotonous and unreal. The same qualities, courage, energy, gentleness, loyalty, patience, right judgment, marked her early years no less than those which have been exposed to public view. One cannot paint the shadows which one does not see. And if the writer is blind, he is blind, he thinks, in company with all who have been permitted to touch at any point a very noble, but very simple, life.

QUEEN MARY

CHAPTER I

EARLY YEARS

“**A**T half-past five drove in the open carriage and four through the densely crowded Park to Kensington Palace to see dear Mary Teck. It seemed so strange to drive into the old courtyard and get out at the door, the very knockers of which were old friends. Franz received me at the door and we went up to the top of the house, and here, in the former bedroom in which Mamma and I slept, I found dear Mary, Aunt Cambridge, and the baby, a very fine one, with pretty little features and a quantity of hair. It is to be called Agnes Augusta Victoria Mary Louise Olga Pauline Claudine ; Agnes after Franz’s grandmother, and Claudine after his mother, Augusta after Aunt Cambridge and Augusta Strelitz, and Victoria after me. I am to be one of the Godmothers”. So runs an entry in Queen Victoria’s journal for the 21st June, 1867 ; the Sovereign had been in residence in her remote Highland castle when the happy event occurred on the 26th May—the announcement of which drew a thousand people in a

QUEEN MARY

day to inscribe themselves at Kensington Palace—and apparently the names to be bestowed on the infant Princess had not been submitted to the Sovereign, for although she approved the selection she disallowed the sequence. If “I am to be one of the Godmothers” it was quite obvious Victoria must stand first, and so, for over a quarter of a century, Princess Victoria Mary was to be an official designation to melt quickly and deliciously into “Princess May” for popular use.

The Queen was no thick and thin admirer of babies’ beauty; not long before she had described another grandchild as “Not being at all pretty”, so a fond mother need not be accused—as she accused herself—of *radotage de mere* in expatiating a year later on “the deepest blue eyes imaginable, a tiny rosebud of a mouth, a lovely complexion (pink and white) and a most perfect figure”.¹ But the pink and white complexion was for awhile to be dulled. Seventy years ago the sanitary arrangements, even in Kings’ houses, often left a good deal to be desired; a pond just inside Kensington Gardens on which the nursery windows looked was in an “unhealthy” condition, and as a direct result of this, combined with a chill, through a whole fortnight in July, 1868, there was great anxiety as to whether a little life would be spared. But early proof was to

¹ [Duchess of Teck to Lady Elizabeth Adeane: “I short-coated her in the late autumn”, she added, “and she looked a perfect picture in her frocks and sashes”].

GRANDMAMMA

hand of a constitution which in six decades has defied fatigue and known little of sickness ; there was a quick rally and before mid-August the little convalescent had been "carried off by Grandmamma to Kew to be away from the pond and out of doors most of the day". For twenty years "*Grandmamma*" was to be a very important figure in the lives of her grandchildren. The Duchess of Cambridge, now nearing her seventieth year, was a daughter of the Landgrave Frederick of Hesse and had many delightful stories to tell about Rumpenheim, the palace picturesquely poised on the Maine which she shared with her brothers and sisters, where her own son and daughters had spent many happy holidays and where the little granddaughter was soon to be no stranger. It was soon evident, even to young minds, that Grandmamma disliked—disliked is perhaps a mild word—Prussia and all that savoured of Prussianism. No wonder, for only the year before Princess May was born, Hanover, where for long years the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge had held their Viceregal Court, and where their three children were born, had been swallowed by a greedy Prussian King, while her beloved Hesse Cassel was no longer her family domain but an incorporated Prussian province. No wonder she would denounce to the sister and brothers as they grew older the statesman who was a master of political craft no less than a man of blood and

QUEEN MARY

iron, no wonder she would tell them again and again of how " all the countries her heart loved best had been stolen ". But Grandmamma had many other recollections besides those connected with Hanover and Hesse. She knew all about their ancestor the " Child of Brabant " to whom they traced their lineage through William the wise Duke, and George the pious Duke of Hesse. She could remind the young people that their grandfather had fought in Flanders as aide-de-camp to his brother the Duke of York in 1794 ; then there was a thrilling anecdote of how Queen Victoria was struck with a cane by a crazy Colonel when she came to call on Grandpapa, who was lying very ill at the Cambridge House which had been pointed out to them as the Naval and Military Club ; and there was so much to tell about their mother's girlhood and how when she " came out " she was for ten years the only Royal Princess to be " going about " in London and to the great country houses, how she had shone at all the Court functions, at the famous " Guards Ball " given in honour of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, how she had refused, from religious scruples, to be Queen of Italy and—but this was not told till later on—how Queen Victoria refused to allow her to marry an English Peer. And then Grandmamma had wonderful jewels ; the children admired them all, but perhaps they liked best the emeralds which had been won in a German

AUNT MARY

lottery ; how little Princess May thought that one day those emeralds—reinforced by others chosen with infinite care to match them—would deck herself in regal splendour. And it seemed so curious that Grandmamma, who lived either in a cottage (Kew Cottage was a very delightful residence) or in an “apartment” (the apartment at St. James’s was a very fine one) could speak of the Queen, who seemed so very high exalted and never lived anywhere except in a Palace or a Castle, by her Christian name. “Dear Aunt Cambridge”, the Queen was to write on an April morning in 1889, “has passed peacefully away ; she is the last of her generation and I have no longer anyone above me ”. And when in 1869 White Lodge in Richmond Park was granted—on a sort of permanent loan—to Queen Mary’s parents, Grandmamma knew so much that was worth telling about the Duchess of Gloucester who had lived there and had been Ranger of the Park ; she was the “Aunt Mary”, the last surviving child of George III, from whom so many ladies of the Royal House derive that most beautiful of names. From out of all the fifteen children whom Queen Charlotte bore to George III, Aunt Mary had shone as a mirror of virtue and a most lovable character, and even if her husband had earned the title of “Silly Billy”, that was not her fault, and she was a great aunt round whom raged much talk and many questions.

QUEEN MARY

Then there was "Aunt Augusta," who remembered that at her wedding to the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz in 1841 King Ernest of Hanover tried to sign his name in the register directly after Queen Victoria, who to thwart him moved suddenly from her place to where Prince Consort stood, appended her signature and passed the pen to her husband before the King had time to change his place. King Ernest was the *bête noire* of many stories, some of which, of course, were not suitable for youthful ears. He used to occupy the apartment where Grandmamma now lived, and refused to give it up (although he scarcely ever set foot in England) when the Queen wanted it for her mother, and a house had to be taken in Belgrave Square for the Duchess of Kent. It was Aunt Augusta also who arranged the meeting between the (then) Crown Princess of Prussia and the lovely Princess Alexandra which resulted in the marriage between "Uncle Bertie" and "Aunt Alix", their Hessian cousin.¹

Aunt Augusta although she had married a reigning German Sovereign, remained very British—this was a very comforting reflection for very British-minded children—and she liked to have "Princess of Great Britain" appended to her Grand Ducal title. She was also very conservative in outlook and, like many other

¹ The Queen of Denmark, mother to Queen Alexandra, was a niece of the Duchess of Cambridge; thus Queen Mary and her brothers were second cousins both to King Edward and Queen Alexandra.

AUNT AUGUSTA

Tory great ladies of that period, "mistrusted" Mr. Gladstone; she was even a little doubtful about saying Amen to the Prayer for Parliament now that so many other than Churchmen were included in that elastic Assembly. Unlike Mamma, Aunt Augusta was sometimes rather dowdily dressed but she also had, though she seldom wore, fine jewels, and among them a parure of sapphires which, re-set to enhance their beauty, now adorns the youthful figure of the Duchess of Kent. And it was so wonderful to think that Aunt Augusta had seen not only Queen Victoria but Queen Adelaide crowned—and her niece and nephews liked her all the better because she never "talked down" to them but made all that she said so absorbingly interesting and even amusing.

Then there was "Uncle George" who had commanded a Brigade of Guards¹ in the Crimean War and was now Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. Uncle George spoke rather loudly, and was rather hot-tempered, especially when "new-fangled" ideas about the Army were under discussion; but he was very fond of his nieces and nephews and they were fond—if just a little afraid—of him. He had three grown-up sons, but they were not *quite* cousins. The explanation of this was that Uncle George had married without the

¹ His entire command was the 1st Division comprising the Brigade of Guards under Brigadier-General Bentinck and the Highland Brigade under Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde.

QUEEN MARY

Royal Assent of the Sovereign, and so his marriage, though perfectly correct according to Christian rites, was, in a sense, illegal.

And so many people came down to White Lodge who would burn themselves into children's memories. Of Mario they had heard a great deal, and although when they saw him he no longer possessed the beauty of features which had matched the purity of his tenor voice, young people were quite willing to believe that when he appeared with Grisi and Ranconi (a "divine" performance they were told) he looked just as well as he sang.

The blind King George of Hanover, the amiable son of the very unamiable King Ernest, served as a sad warning not to play with the cord of a window blind, for the "poor King" had lost his sight, when a boy, by the tassel of a bead purse, which he was twirling round, striking him full in the eyes.

The widowed Empress Eugénie brought the Prince Imperial, and the question was acute as to whether she could ever have been as beautiful as another visitor, the Empress of Austria, who there, as everywhere, was always a shade better dressed than anyone else.

And one day there came to the eldest brother, aged nine, a little note from Lord Beaconsfield with a knife as a birthday present and a written promise that he should have a sword as soon as he was grown up. For by this

ALEXANDRA, PRINCESS OF WALES

time Princess May had three brothers known in the family as Dolly¹—a boy of extraordinary beauty—Frank,² and Alge,³ who shared her daily pursuits.

A young English tutor and a middle-aged German governess were engaged from whom, as was so often the case half a century ago, not very much was learnt, there were plenty of games, in many of which the “Wales cousins” were playmates; there was a good deal of gardening, for “Papa” was an enthusiastic, and by no means unskilful gardener, but not many parties, as a wise mother thought this sort of excitement took away the freshness of childhood. “There are too many grown-up children in the present day”, Mamma told a friend; what she would think of the post-War generation is not easy to suggest in cold print.

And over and over again Alexandra, Princess of Wales, would carry her radiant loveliness to White Lodge and Kensington Palace, and the children would cluster round her, and play with the things she brought them, and ply her with questions, for children’s shyness always dissolved at the first sight of those smiling blue eyes.

But all visitors, however attractive, faded altogether in importance beside Papa and Mamma who, day

¹ Prince Adolphus born 13th August, 1868, succeeded his father as Duke of Teck 1900. Created Marquis of Cambridge 1917. Died 1927.

² Prince Francis born 1870, died 1910.

³ Prince Alexander born 1874, created Earl of Athlone 1917.

QUEEN MARY

in day out, meant everything to their children, just as the children, whom they scarcely left for a day, meant everything to them ; the calls upon the time and energies of a much-sought-after Prince and Princess were many, and multiform, but no call was ever allowed to be preferred to those from the nursery and schoolroom.

In any sketch, however rough and inadequate, of King George's Consort, her parents must claim a page for themselves.

Exactly a hundred years ago at a Court Ball in Vienna Prince Alexander of Wurtemberg saw—and fell headlong in love with—the dazzlingly lovely Countess Claudine Rhedey. The Prince was indifferent as to resigning his place in the succession to his uncle's throne so long as he could secure his bride ; the marriage was styled morganatic because Countess Claudine was not of Royal birth although it might have been pointed out that in her veins flowed blood of even purer blue than in those of some of the Würtemberg princes. The union which was of the happiest was also of the briefest, for in 1841 the beautiful woman, on whom the King of Würtemberg had conferred the title of Countess Hohenstein,¹ was thrown from a runaway horse at some military manœuvres and killed on the spot.

Almost the first act of Queen Mary, as soon as she

¹ The Duchess of Teck when travelling abroad incognita used the title of Countess Hohenstein.



THE DUKE AND
DUCHESS OF
TECK, PRINCESS
VICTORIA MARY,
LATER QUEEN
MARY, AND
PRINCE ADOLPHUS,
LATER LORD CAM-
BRIDGE

Downey



THE DUCHESS OF
TECK WITH HER
CHILDREN, PRIN-
CESS VICTORIA
MARY AND HER
BROTHERS IN 1872

Downey



Downey

PRINCESS VICTORIA MARY, 1873

QUEEN MARY'S PARENTS

became Princess of Wales, was to place a finely sculptured tablet in the church in Erdo Szent Gyorgy where her grandmother always worshipped. The issue of the marriage comprised one son and two daughters ; the son, Francis, inherited so fully his mother's good looks that as a subaltern in the Austrian Army he was always known as " der schöner Uhlans " and a very good account of himself " der schöner Uhlans " gave at the Battle of Solferino. A chance visit to the King of Hanover in 1864 brought him into touch with the Prince and Princess of Wales, who were so struck with his appearance and frank charm of manner that they invited him to stay with them at Marlborough House. From Marlborough House it was but a step to the Duchess of Cambridge's rooms at St. James's Palace and it was but a step further for Prince Teck to find himself fervently in love with Princess Mary Adelaide, and to become, in the spring of 1866 after a brief courtship, her affianced husband.¹

For fifteen years, in other words since her earliest womanhood, Princess Mary had loomed largely, and always delightfully, in the public eye. Her popularity was due far less to any accident of birth and station than to an inborn geniality and to an ingrained kindness of thought which seemed to secure the affections not only of those with whom she came into contact but of

¹ After the marriage the King of Würtemberg raised Prince Teck to the rank of Duke.

QUEEN MARY

thousands who knew her only by hearsay but to whom her name was a household word. To a splendid presence Princess Mary added the most winning manners flavoured by a wit which never wounded and by a sympathy which never allowed itself to be meddlesome.

And however remote from any chance of succession to her cousin's kingdom, the popularity of this joyous Princess was not without practical value for, admittedly, it was a distinct element in the growth, or rather the revival, of the sentiment of loyalty to the Throne which some of the Hanover Kings had done something to forfeit and which not until the middle of her reign was Queen Victoria herself to re-establish.

CHAPTER II

IN FLORENCE

LIFE at White Lodge in the summer and Kensington Palace in the winter went smoothly day in day out. The régime was kindly to the edge of indulgence yet always disciplined, and tidiness was the *mot d'ordre*; the liveliest imagination could not recall Princess May with a crumpled frock or tousled hair. And in due time came Princess May's first visit to Sandringham where in time to come she would rule and where she probably experienced the first spasms of that shyness which later needed all her courage and painstaking to overcome.¹ There were cricket matches and tea picnics; an autumn would be gloriously spent at Hopetoun where Lady Hopetoun was the most glorious of hostesses²; the pantomime was a rare and the theatre a rarer treat; the boys had their ponies and learnt to shoot in Richmond Park where the Duke of Cambridge was now Ranger. The sister was partner in all her brothers' interests, but

¹ "At Lucy Kerr's I found Mamma and others; May was shy at first and then wept, but finally recovered herself and played with the little girls. Home towards Seven; May in tearing spirits all the way"—Duchess of Teck's diary, April, 1870.

² "Just a line to thank you and dear Hopie, over and over again, for the kindness and affection you shed upon us during eight of the happiest weeks the children and I have ever spent"—Duchess of Teck to Countess of Hopetoun, November, 1880.

QUEEN MARY

as she advanced in girlhood she seemed, unconsciously perhaps, to fit herself more and more for companionship with an adoring Mother ; she enjoyed all the fizz and fun as much as the others, and, as a matter of fact, had a keener sense of humour than any of them ; but it was humour of the quiet and cool kind and again and again she would be silent when the others were voluble and, amid the buzz and chatter around her, retire into the pavilion of her own thoughts. The earliest break in the family routine came when the two elder boys went to a school at Farnborough as a stepping-stone to Cheltenham and Wellington¹ ; then in 1882 the Duke of Teck was detailed to take part in the campaign against the rebel Arabi and, as Lord Wolseley told the present writer, showed himself the bravest of the brave under fire. But a much sharper snap was to come and to be dictated by a stern call for drastic economy. For several years past, outgoings had considerably exceeded income. There had been no extravagance in the true sense of the word but Princess Mary had been brought up with certain *idées fixes* as to what became the station of life to which she had been called, and when she married, at the age of thirty-three, it was too late to uproot them. Her expenditure on her personal requirements was the smallest item ; her views as to hospitality, and especially

¹ Prince Alexander was sent to Eton, the first scion of the Royal House to go there.

A CHANGE

hospitality to those of humble rank, was large. At Kew and St. James's every messenger, whether public or private, must be treated to a full meal ; how could the custom not be observed at White Lodge and Kensington ? She had had no experience of other than large households, and her own household was furnished and fed on the same generous scale. Carriages and horses to draw them were not luxuries ; they were necessities if social duties were to be fulfilled and good works to be carried out. And the charities to which she really must—or thought she must—subscribe were so many, although here her contributions were as largely at the expense of time and fatigue as of a no longer well-lined purse.

So the sumptuous suite in Kensington Palace must be given up and would remain empty till, nearly twenty years later, Queen Victoria's youngest daughter would occupy it. But this was not all. The decree ran that there should be a lengthy absence abroad and that later the *train de vivre* should be run on rather less ample lines. So in mid-September, 1883, the Duke and Duchess of Teck with their three children and a comparatively small suite betook themselves to pay a visit to the Duke of Teck's cousin, Princess Catherine of Würtemberg, at the Villa Seefeld on the lake of Constance, and thence to Florence which for over eighteen months was to be their headquarters.

QUEEN MARY

Clouds proverbially boast a silver lining, and the cloud which hung for a while heavy over Princess Mary in parting with some of her possessions and one of her homes was no exception. When—and may the day be far, far distant—Queen Mary lends herself to biography, it is not unlikely to be insisted on that the long sojourn in Italy and the subsequent need to make two ends meet without any friction, did much to build up a character which is reflected in every spoken word or recorded deed.

Florence is not quite her loveliest self in mid-October and the second floor of a private hotel on the Lung-Arno was a rather dismal exchange for White Lodge and the autumnal beauty of Richmond Park. But if the river was just then “very narrow and poor and quite brown in colour”, the look-out from the sitting-room window over the Apennines was “very fine”; a climb was quickly made to the Bello Sguardo which gave a glorious view of the city “with its palaces, its churches, its towers”, an orgie of sight-seeing set in, and the arrival of the “English Royalties” was no sooner confirmed than there began a trickle, which soon broadened into a steady stream, of visitors, and the visitors ranged from Royal Personages (some of them “tripping” incog. through Europe) to rising artists and budding poets. A ball was given by the “kind Colnaghis”¹ at the British

¹ At the earnest request of Princess Mary on her return to England the Queen conferred a knighthood on Mr. Dominic Colnagli.

FLORENCE

Consulate (the first "grown-up" dance which Princess May attended), the "charming old Duc de Dino" gave some private theatricals in the Palazzo Renuccini which were "quite amusing", the flower Corso in the Cascine was "great fun", and altogether the winter was the converse of dull.

But whether because natural shyness was aggravated by constant introductions to people whose very names were a little bewildering, whether a very British Princess did not quite easily assimilate herself with foreign folks, foreign circumstances and foreign ways, or whether home-sickness was very difficult to shake off, Princess May did not at first enter into Florentine life with the same zest and eagerness as her mother. She "saw too many churches", even the Uffizi and the Pitti Galleries have their limitations when one is not quite seventeen; the review in honour of the King's birthday was very unimpressive and contrasted most unfavourably with the Trooping of the Colour which she had so often witnessed from "Uncle George's window at the Horse Guards"; the cavalry were "awful" and the "thought of the British redcoats" induced a keen hunger for home.

But as the months passed on a young Princess became more and more appreciative of the treasures of art which were richly spread before her, more and more inquisitive as to the history of the palaces—and their some time occupants—where she and her parents were welcome

QUEEN MARY

guests ; less and less diffident about asking questions in the studios where she was taken to watch sculptors and painters at their work. The colour and the poetry of the City of Flowers woke every day new emotions ; the volumes of French and Italian literature placed in her hand disclosed every day new delights ; every day she found herself learning—and learning at first hand—about men and matters which before had seemed of so little moment ; the worthy Fräulein, who had instructed her from childhood had relied on tables of facts and dates while the education she was now giving herself was to clothe the facts with flesh and bones and to give to the dates a meaning of which they had hitherto been void—in a word, a mind always alert was being gradually deepened and widened as well as quickened ; a young girl, who hitherto had always had someone to think as well as “do” for her, was, all unconsciously, training herself for a position which for many a year yet to come she would have no thought of filling.

And the move from the Pension in the town to a delightful fifteenth century villa, appropriately called “I Cedri,” a few miles outside the gates, only stimulated a desire—and throughout her life Queen Mary’s desires have been the raw material from which wise determinations have been woven—to be drenched with the beauties of Nature and Art which Italy presses on her guests. There is good evidence that a Princess, only in her mid-teens,

SWITZERLAND

recognised how an opportunity was being offered to her which might not—and did not—recur, and that, to its fullest extent, she must avail herself of it.

In the early autumn of 1884 there was a trip to Switzerland, with all the delights of the Rigi, the sun rising over the Bernese Alps, the lake of Zurich seen through the early morning mists ; then a long stay at Seefeld¹ where scions of the Würtemberg House did the honours ; a visit to Gmunden where the Duke of Cumberland, who had no little of the charm of his father without the less attractive qualities of his grandfather, was at his best, the tour winding up with an all too short week in Venice—an experience which Circumstance has unhappily forbidden to be repeated. There was to be another winter in the villa overhanging Florence, but a winter of which no moment must be wasted. For there was now keen appetite for sight-seeing, even if the "sights" had been seen before. All the reading and the quiet thought had vested churches and galleries with new value and everything that caught the imagination was to stamp itself on a memory which is seldom at fault. The house in which Dante lived, the church where he was married went to reopen the pages of the "Commedia" and to render them still more

¹ "One line to say we have arrived here safely. We are living in three separate little houses, Papa, Dolly, I and Baby in one, Mamma and May in another and in the third cousin William of Würtemberg lives with his little girl"—Prince Francis of Teck to a friend.

QUEEN MARY

"Divine"; Michelangelo's "David" must be pondered over though "Mamma did not care for it very much". Even the social engagements sank in importance, and perhaps the most welcome visitor at "I Cedri" was Lady Wolseley, who brought first-hand news from her Lord of all that was happening on the Nile after the tragedy of Khartoum.¹ "The Duke", Lady Wolseley wrote, "has lost a little of his good looks but the girl is getting very, very pretty. Princess Mary was very amusing about politics saying Lord Granville ought to have five backbones".

And although Home still beckoned with alluring gesture, it was something of a wrench to take leave of Florence and all that Florence meant, especially as it was a good-bye and not au revoir which had to be said. A day was allotted to Paris on the way home, and Princess May liked some of the Murillos in the Louvre better than the Rubenses; there was a luncheon at the Embassy where Lord Lyons did the honours as perhaps only a bachelor can, but to sit next him was just a little "trying"

¹ The Duchess of Teck's Tory leanings were much gratified by a stirring if not very rhythymical poem which appeared in a leading London Journal with the concluding verse:

Somerset and Airlie both wounded, Lord St. Vincent lying low,
Charlie Beresford and Cochrane facing manfully the foe.
A Herbert slain in battle while his singers held the pen,
Thus our nobles prove their title to be called our noblemen.
Though they toil not for their living can the democrat deny
That for their country's honour they can both fight and die?

HOME AGAIN

for a young lady not yet “out”; and a Russian friend, M. Hitroff, gave a gay tea party to which among others came Madame de Pourtalès in the full flush of her beauty and clothed as only Worth could clothe his favourite clients.

Chester Square may not be one of the most exhilarating localities in London, but Sarah Bernhardt was a little unfair when she described it as a small square of sombre verdure with a black statue in the middle and the horizon bounded by an ugly church. As White Lodge was not ready for occupation—Royal residences are not immune from the rule of not being ready on the date specified—the Duke and Duchess of Teck were lent a house in Chester Square in order that Princess May might make a sort of informal entrance into London Society, Lady Salisbury¹ arranging the first dinner and dance in her honour. But gaiety was suddenly forbidden by the death of Duke Paul of Würtemberg,² and for the two summer months of the season the rather exaggerated mourning of the day was perforce put on.

Half a century ago belated confirmation was not unusual and no one was surprised that Princess May should have passed her eighteenth birthday before that Sacrament was administered by the Bishop of St. Albans in the Chapel Royal. The chief reason for so tardy an

¹ Wife of the third Marquis of Salisbury.

² The Duke of Teck's father.

QUEEN MARY

imposition of hands was to be found in the Duchess of Teck's fervent desire that her daughter and son should be prepared for the rite by Mr. Carr Glyn,¹ the vicar of Kensington, to whom their early religious education had been entrusted. The Duchess of Teck was a devout Churchwoman with little knowledge of ritualism and an intense dislike of what is now termed modernism. "I believe in the apple in the Garden of Eden" would be her stout reply to doubts thrown on the validity of the Scriptures; "Read the Psalms to May" and "Gave the children their Scripture lesson" were frequent entries in her diary. "I love the Evangelicals because they love our Lord" was Father Stanton's fervent exclamation, and it was the groundwork of the religious training which was to influence for life a future Queen Consort. But there was no disposition to exclude from esteem and affection either persons or institutions associated with the then extreme High Church party and those Missionaries of Love, Sisters of Mercy, always came within close range of that active sympathy which the Duchess exercised and enjoined on her children.

And the law which must be observed more faithfully than any other was the law of charity in its widest sense. The really poor must be relieved, even if they could not be classified as "deserving"; the hungry must be fed so long as they were really hungry; those who had

¹ Later Bishop of Peterborough.

CHARITY

fallen in the road of life must be helped whatever had been their stumbling-block : a genuine hatred of sin was not to harden the heart against the sinner. It happened that a lady whose life was notoriously the reverse of regular sent a large contribution to the Needlework Guild, a work whose value is incalculable and which claims so large a slice of Queen Mary's affections and energies. Some of the entourage thought it might be advisable to return the gift. " Not at all ", was the Royal reply, " no one should be prevented from doing a good action, anyhow no kindly impulse will ever be checked by me, no matter from where it springs ".

CHAPTER III

THE FIRST JUBILEE

A PART from her mourning the return to London in 1885 was too late for Princess May to make her formal début that year. Half a century ago Society—an odious word for which there is no available substitute—formed a fairly large, but by no means elastic, circle, and inflexible etiquette dictated that the first step into it must be an appearance at one of Queen Victoria's drawing-rooms.

So on a fine May day in 1886 a Princess who, in the Providential order was destined to share the most illustrious Throne in the world, made her obeisance at the Court over which she would one day herself preside. The débutante did not on this occasion "pass" the Sovereign with the other high-born dames and damsels, but being technically within the succession to the Throne she was, according to Court Circular phraseology, "presented in the Closet"—in other words, she made her curtsey and received the kiss of welcome in the small apartment from which the Queen emerged into the Throne Room, the presentation, of course, being made by the Duchess of Teck.

PRINCESS MAY'S DÉBUT

It is always a question whether a young girl, who must necessarily come a good deal under observation, is helped, or handicapped, by the possession of an exceptionally brilliant and popular parent, but in this case it is irrefutably true that for a while the daughter was overshadowed by a mother whose charms were so irresistible and sunniness so infectious that wherever she went—to use a homely expression—she swept the board.

This happy subordination—for no one gloried more than the daughter in the success which always waited on the mother—was not without its ultimate advantages even if it served to increase Princess May's really rather attractive shyness which so far she had been unable to dissipate. And the gaieties—and truly the gaieties of that day had little of the gloom which the present generation light-heartedly attributes to them—in which the Princess was perforce caught up, did nothing to prevent her from pursuing the path of self-education which had found its first stimulus in Florence. And there came at this juncture to White Lodge a lady of French extraction who was to occupy, and for a great many years to retain, the post of lectrice. Madame Bricka had no special “accomplishments” but she had both travelled and read, and of her experience she was able to guide very willing steps into many literary channels and especially to encourage an acquaintance

CHAPTER III

THE FIRST JUBILEE

A PART from her mourning the return to London in 1885, was too late for Princess May to make her formal début that year. Half a century ago Society—an odious word for which there is no available substitute—formed a fairly large, but by no means elastic, circle, and inflexible etiquette dictated that the first step into it must be an appearance at one of Queen Victoria's drawing-rooms.

So on a fine May day in 1886 a Princess who, in the Providential order was destined to share the most illustrious Throne in the world, made her obeisance at the Court over which she would one day herself preside. The débutante did not on this occasion "pass" the Sovereign with the other high-born dames and damsels, but being technically within the succession to the Throne she was, according to Court Circular phraseology, "presented in the Closet"—in other words, she made her curtsey and received the kiss of welcome in the small apartment from which the Queen emerged into the Throne Room, the presentation, of course, being made by the Duchess of Teck.

PRINCESS MAY'S DÉBUT

It is always a question whether a young girl, who must necessarily come a good deal under observation, is helped, or handicapped, by the possession of an exceptionally brilliant and popular parent, but in this case it is irrefutably true that for a while the daughter was overshadowed by a mother whose charms were so irresistible and sunniness so infectious that wherever she went—to use a homely expression—she swept the board.

This happy subordination—for no one gloried more than the daughter in the success which always waited on the mother—was not without its ultimate advantages even if it served to increase Princess May's really rather attractive shyness which so far she had been unable to dissipate. And the gaieties—and truly the gaieties of that day had little of the gloom which the present generation light-heartedly attributes to them—in which the Princess was perforce caught up, did nothing to prevent her from pursuing the path of self-education which had found its first stimulus in Florence. And there came at this juncture to White Lodge a lady of French extraction who was to occupy, and for a great many years to retain, the post of *lectrice*. Madame Bricka had no special “*accomplishments*” but she had both travelled and read, and of her experience she was able to guide very willing steps into many literary channels and especially to encourage an acquaintance

QUEEN MARY

with all that is worth knowing in modern European history. There soon began to be many inroads on the leisure of a Princess whose education might be supposed to be finished. Dinners, often a little "stiff", dances where, although junior of all the Princesses, her partners, according to etiquette, had to be "sent for", concerts, for which she had little appetite, theatres which she thoroughly enjoyed, all found place in the carefully-kept list of engagements. And there was never a week, and sometimes scarcely a day, without some such item as the opening of a bazaar, the inspection of a Parish Hall, a prize-giving, a charity performance sometimes with a "star cast", sometimes of an excruciatingly amateurish character; to all of these a daughter would loyally accompany a mother who always knew all the right things to say and said them with such enviable ease and fluency. But the daughter's timidity, due perhaps to undue self-depreciation and which anyhow gradually yielded to experience, was mated to entire physical courage, or rather to an utter lack of physical fear. A rather serious carriage accident on the way to a civic function did less than nothing to make a steady pulse beat faster; the subsequent appearance on the dais and small talk with the Mayoress involved a much greater cost of nervous energy.

Queen Victoria's Silver Jubilee occurred in the hour of her deepest mourning and the occasion passed with

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE

but little public comment and no public observance ; accumulated interest and excitement therefore attached to the Golden Jubilee of 1887, when Crowned Heads came in person to pay homage to the Sovereign whose reign already exceeded in duration that of any other European Monarch, the Emperor of Austria being ten years her junior in this respect.

The ceremony took place on 21st June when the Sovereign in brilliant sunshine made a State progress to a Thanksgiving Service in Westminster Abbey. The gorgeousness of the surroundings threw into sharper contrast the little figure dressed in plain black, looking perhaps the smaller because she chose to sit with no one beside her. Facing her in her carriage, drawn by the famous "creams", sat Alexandra, Princess of Wales, and the then Crown Princess of Prussia, while there rode ahead a cortège of Princes of her own House. In the other carriages were to be seen the Queen's other daughters and daughters-in-law, the junior members of the Family "proceeding privately" to the Abbey Church. Thus it came about that on a great historic occasion three Princesses destined to be the Consorts of the rulers of Russia, Roumania and Great Britain passed unobserved to take their places in the Abbey, although all along the route the crowds had given a great ovation to the beaming Duchess of Teck and her fair daughter.

QUEEN MARY

Jubilee functions, Jubilee presentations, Jubilee memorials—some of course not wholly disassociated from self-advertisement—multiplied and flourished exceedingly, the Sovereign being loaded with gifts, for many of which her Household must have been sorely puzzled to find an appropriate place; not the least attractive, and eventually practical, tribute was the children's offering for which Princess May, making the first of her rare personal appeals, collected £200. The “appeal” was probably not without some cost quite other than of time and money. Of both of these Queen Mary has from beginning to end given with generous hand and often with fine gesture, but her ardent philanthropy has been usually concerned with prudent and potent assistance lent to organised good works rather than with any impulsive entrance into “begging cases”; to the letter she has fulfilled the Pauline injunction as to abounding in charity, but always with cool judgment.

And to the year 1888 may be traced the genesis of a constant interest in the “working classes”. The House of Lords had appointed a Select Committee to inquire into the accursed system of sweating which was at once a disgrace to the master and misery to the man. Over Blue Books with their sometimes horrifying evidence the Princess would bend her head for hours at a time, to rise from them with the fixed resolve to look down to

THE BROTHERS

the very root of the evil and to use, and adduce, any kind of influence to arrest it.¹

No other profession than that of arms had been contemplated for the brothers of the Princess May, and just now the eldest was gazetted to the 17th Lancers^a and, with many injunctions from Queen Victoria as to treating natives with perfect courtesy, he proceeded to join his regiment in India. Prince Francis,^b though hankering after the cavalry, was appointed to the K.R.R. and only at a later period joined the Royal Dragoons. In no relations of life has Queen Mary been perhaps happier than in those with her brothers. Their own qualities, and not their sister's position, have been their passport to whatever promotion, and to all the popularity, they have enjoyed. But while no "Palace influence" has been extended on their behalf, they have

¹ The Princess just then liked to quote a verse of which the sentiment was perhaps superior to the poetry :

If each man in his measure
Would do a brother's part
To cast a ray of sunlight
Into a brother's heart
How changed would be our country,
How changed would be our poor,
And then might Mertie England
Deserve her name once more.

^a Prince Adolphus was later transferred to the 1st Life Guards and, as Duke of Teck, commanded that regiment in the War.

^b In 1897 Prince Francis was posted to the Egyptian Cavalry and distinguished himself both at Atbara and Omdurman.

QUEEN MARY

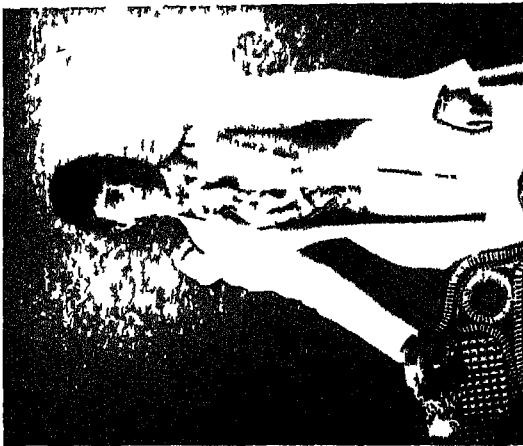
been the objects of unfailing sisterly care. No absence, whatever the duration or distance, has been suffered to loosen the threads of affectionate intercourse, and when the two, then surviving, brothers sailed to take their part in the Great War, the Queen confessed to a friend of a sense of loneliness. And if she had no favourite among them, the eldest brother had something, alike in temperament and outlook, which made him her confidant, and there may well have been a feeling of loneliness when a good-bye for over two years had to be said.

And early in 1889 a familiar figure was to fade altogether out of the picture. The now aged Duchess of Cambridge, who had long been crippled but whose brain was as clear as crystal, sank quietly to her rest ; so sudden was the end that the Princess of Wales had barely time to hurry from Marlborough House to St. James's and catch the last smile of the old Princess round whom the entire Royal Family had circled. Her rooms were always open for the younger ones to gossip and play games while the elders would hold family conclaves, and perhaps one or two would be invited to hear Tosti sing, as he alone could sing the songs of Naples, or allow Mrs. Kendal to compel them to tears and laughter as she recited some poem of which the most popular was "Ostler Joe". But for Princess May there had always been a special place in Grandmamma's heart.

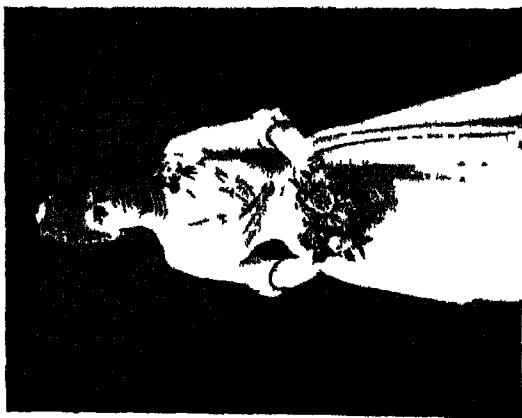


Graff
1892.

PRINCESS VICTORIA MARY, 1892



Russell & Son
PRINCESS VICTORIA MARY



Darre,
PRINCESS VICTORIA MARY
1892

A SILVER WEDDING

Grandmamma also had seemed to have peeped into the future and to have been sure that a brilliant lot was in store for her, and so thinking she left in her will a jewelled fan of exquisite workmanship as a "wedding present".

Although there was no return to Florence and Venice, and although Queen Mary never saw Rome till the State visit after the War, part of the autumns were usually spent abroad, St. Moritz being the Duchess of Teck's favourite resort. But the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, the Italian Lakes, the galleries at Munich were taken in turn, and from the last an excursion was made to the Castle of Nymphenberg where was then staying the redoubtable Queen Isabella of Spain round whom fifty years earlier had raged a controversy which was not quite adapted for polite conversation. And there was a succession of visits to country houses ; perhaps the most enjoyable was the fortnight spent at Dampierre where the Duchesse de Luynes was an incomparable hostess and where a friendship was formed with her daughter the present Duchess de Noailles, and the most memorable was surely the occasion at Hatfield when Lord Randolph Churchill tendered his resignation in the middle of a ball, the only immediate result of which was that Lord Salisbury sat up for a 4 a.m. supper instead of retiring to his bed as usual at midnight.

Twenty-five years had now passed since the marriage of Princess Mary Adelaide of Cambridge with Prince

QUEEN MARY

Teck in Kew Church, and it was right and proper that on the June morning that marked their silver wedding they should, with their daughter and three sons, attend service in the same church. And in honour of the occasion two garden parties were given at White Lodge, one for the London friends and the other for the residents in Kew and Richmond. Gate-crashing was of course then unknown, but as no formal invitations were issued there was something of a mix-up on both afternoons which only added zest to the proceedings.

And that winter came the all brief betrothal to an amiable and gifted Prince, the first-born of Albert Edward and Alexandra ; for on the heels of the announcement came the fierce attack of a vicious fever which a delicate constitution with no reserves of strength had no power to withstand ; a spasm of sorrow was to shake the whole nation and go near to tear from her breast the heart of a Mother still youthful in her matchless charm and peerless beauty.

CHAPTER IV

MARRIAGE

FOR over a year Princess May withdrew herself into something like seclusion ; there was a short stay at Compton Place, Eastbourne, which the Duke of Devonshire, whose marriage to the Duchess of Manchester was then *sur le tapis* lent to the Prince and Princess of Wales ; there was a long and quiet visit to Lady Wolverton at Cannes, some weeks in Würtemberg and then a gradual and quiet resumption of routine. But in the spring of 1893 Mr. Gladstone sought an audience of his Sovereign and voiced the popular desire—which for dynastic and domestic reasons was beginning to be clamorous—that the Duke of York¹ should marry and should marry no one else but Princess Victoria Mary of Teck.

The Queen lent a more than willing ear, but the Prime Minister's suit had been just forestalled, for on an April afternoon in the Duchess of Fife's garden at Sheen, the Duke of York had whispered, not altogether unexpectedly, to his cousin of his earnest desire that she

¹ Queen Victoria on her seventy-third birthday created her eldest British grandson Duke of York, Earl of Inverness and Lord Rothesay in the Peerage of the United Kingdom.

QUEEN MARY

should be his bride. Just twenty years earlier the Princess of Wales had written to the Duchess of Teck : "Today is Georgie's birthday : may your little girl come and play with him ?" Now the two constant playmates—and for many years they had been one another's "favourite cousins"—were to be married and the union was quite surely to prove one of unclouded happiness and unstinted love.

Preparations for the marriage crowded the next three months, and there was a daily rain of rich gifts. The trousseau must of course be elaborate, but of course also it must be wholly of British manufacture ; had not Princess May with heart and soul aided and abetted her mother in the gallant and largely successful effort to restore the British silk trade and overcome the same prejudice as to British silks which still exists as to British opera singers. And bridesmaids had to be chosen¹ and these were to be Princesses and not, as according to former Royal usage, the daughters of Great Peers. There was a garden party at White Lodge chiefly intended for local friends and acquaintances to whom something like good-bye had to be said ; there were a few functions in which Princess May was the centre of attraction round whom the crowds surged ;

¹ The bridesmaids selected were the Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, the daughters of the Duke of Edinburgh, excluding Queen Marie of Roumania, the daughters of the Duke of Connaught, and Princess Helena Victoria, Princess Ena of Battenberg (later Queen of Spain), and Princess Alice of Battenberg.



Stuart

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF TECK WITH THEIR CHILDREN
Left to right :—Prince Francis, the Duke of Teck, the Duchess of Teck, Prince Alexander, Prince Adolphus and
Princess Victoria Mary



WEDDING OF THE DUKE OF YORK TO PRINCESS VICTORIA MARY

Left to right —

- Sister —
Princess Alexandra —
Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein —
Prince Edward, Duke of York —
Princess Margaret of Connaught —
Princess Alice of Battenberg —
Princess Beatrice of Edinburgh —
Princess Victoria of Battenberg, or Connaught —

THE BETROTHAL

there was an address from the inhabitants of Kew presented at Cambridge Cottage, and the recipient drafted for herself the simple reply to “ my old friends at Kew ”.

For the bride-elect there was a brilliant future to be envisaged, but there was also a very pleasant past to be reviewed. There was much, very much, to rejoice over, but there were some regrets which could not be wholly stifled ; and chief among these must have come with the thought that the hourly companionship with the beloved Mother could no longer be kept up. And then the garden she had helped her father to improve and beautify ; the copper beech on the lawn under which there had gathered so many merry tea-parties ; the church in Kingston Vale she had always helped to decorate ; the Christmas trees on Christmas Eve ; the household to whom she had so endeared herself ; all these would pass a little out of sight.

And there were one or two old friendships which must now fade into memory ; one or two friends who had shared some of the more difficult days but whom Circumstance would forbid to have part or lot in the dazzling days which lay ahead. So amid all the sunshine and the smiles and the laughter, perhaps one or two tears, not unmixed with happiness, would be dropped.

The sun shone bravely on the 6th of July, 1893, a little too bravely for Queen Victoria, who found it

QUEEN MARY

“overpoweringly hot”. But the event itself gave her infinite and unaffected pleasure. She heartily approved her grandson’s choice, she was greatly touched by the little pearl brooch which the engaged couple gave her on her birthday, she insisted that the Duchess of Teck and her daughter should stay at Buckingham Palace for two nights before the wedding, and actually invited the Duchess to drive with her to the Chapel Royal in her “new glass coach”; she greatly admired the white satin bridal gown with its patriotic design of roses, shamrocks and thistles interwoven, she was not the least “put out” by the misunderstanding which resulted in her arriving at the Chapel Royal before any of the others and being received by a solitary, and very shy, usher instead of by the Great Officers of State. The Queen remembeted, without undue emotion that she “had stood where May did fifty-three years ago”, she was “amused” by the mistakes made on account of the resemblance between the Duke of York and the Czarevitch who was a guest at Marlborough House; after the Service with something like exultation she “stepped out on the balcony” between the newly married pair and presented them to the crowd surging below, and in the evening invited “Augusta Mecklenburg” to a tête-à-tête dinner in order that the bride might be thoroughly discussed alike as to her past and her future.

THE WEDDING

York House has lodged many illustrious folk since, with the death of King Ernest, it passed by Queen Victoria's favour to the Duchess of Cambridge, a small suite being granted to the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg. So conservative was the latter Princess that she declined the new title of the apartment bestowed upon the Duke and Duchess of York and would always speak of visiting them "at St. James's". King Edward after his accession used the rooms for any guests of honour whom it was not convenient to "put up" at Buckingham Palace, and so, on a summer's day in 1903, a Sovereign's Escort of Life Guards clattered into the Ambassador's Court surrounding for the first time a carriage in which sat the President of a Republic. Queen Alexandra lodged at York House for a few weeks on her way from Buckingham Palace to Marlborough House, and when the War broke out huge sums of money found their way into the temporary offices installed here for the Prince of Wales's Fund ; and from York House where he had lived for over a year Lord Kitchener set out on the journey to Russia from which there was to be no coming back. It is an open secret that Edward Prince of Wales so entirely favours his present abode, which he describes as the nicest house in London, that he declines to exchange it for the more spacious seclusion of Marlborough House.

With the newly-named York House as their London

QUEEN MARY

headquarters the Duke and Duchess were to have for a country home a cottage which had hitherto served for the overflow of bachelor guests from the House of Sandringham. The cottage was gradually converted into a fairly commodious but not very convenient residence and endowed with the title of " York Cottage " while later on one of the Sovereign's minor Highland castles would be placed at their disposal.

" A handsomer and more accomplished Princess is rarely to be found ; I must say when I saw her ' sie gefiel mich ausnehmend gut ' "—so had run the Kaiser's eulogy of his new first cousin by marriage in a letter to the Queen, the chief burden of which, however, was to complain of the (quite imaginary) courtesy he had recently received from Czar Alexander. But the letter gratified the Queen ; she herself had written glowingly to the Archbishop of Canterbury about " the very charming girl with much sense and amiability and very unfrivolous ". Victoria also had " every hope the young people will set an example of a steady, quiet life which alas is not the fashion in these days ". There was just a little squeeze of lemon-juice over the last words and the august writer may have had comparisons in the back of her mind although she did not commit them to paper.

And with all that she saw—and heard—of the young couple, her hopes of their " unfrivolity " grew higher.

QUEEN VICTORIA

They were invited to Osborne as soon as the honeymoon at Sandringham was over (honeymoons still had to be strictly observed and no risk of boredom was supposed to be involved by suddenly placing two people in constant and isolated companionship for a fortnight or more), and the Queen found them looking "very bright and happy". She "took a drive alone with May" who was "quite at her ease and indeed a very dear girl".

Then the Kaiser arrived in the Solent and was entertained to dinner in the great Durbar Room which "looked beautiful with electric light", and the Duchess of York was again greatly admired and indeed "she looked lovely in white with the small tiara and the necklace of diamonds which I gave her". And although dislike of Prussia, or anyhow of Prussianism, may have lurked in her breast, the Duchess wrote to her mother of the amiable conduct of the Kaiser and the correctness of his attitude to the Queen.

And the regularity of life which was to be observed whether at York House or at York Cottage—punctuated only by public duties and visits to great country houses —was balm to the soul of the Sovereign whose own married life had been "regularity" personified. "You are always running about", had been Queen Victoria's rather fretful complaint to her eldest son; no such accusation could lodge with these grandchildren in whom

QUEEN MARY

the spirit of home prevailed and for whom the care of constantly arriving children was the main preoccupation.

Where we love is home,
Home that our feet may leave but not our hearts.

So mused the poet, and his poetry surely found expression in the young married lives of a future King and Queen.

It all seemed like the echo of Victoria's own words when half a century earlier she had written to the King of the Belgians : " God knows how willingly I would always live with my beloved Albert and our children in the quiet and retirement of private life ". And the recreations of these young people were so healthy, and the wife encouraged the husband—whose liking for literature had been hitherto a little languid—to read widely, if not deeply. And every time he went out the Duke of York became a keener and more brilliant shot, while if the Duchess had no special favour for short skirts and thick boots and tramps across ploughed fields and windy drives in open wagonettes, she would shirk none of these if she could give pleasure either as a hostess or an honoured guest. Nor did the bicycling vogue which set in at that time infect her ; she heard with amusement, not unmixed with admiration, of Lady Notreys boldly threading her way through the London traffic, and of Lady Londonderry and other great ladies

HOME LIFE

who were to be seen morning by morning in Battersea Park, clutching convulsively at their instructors and apparently finding it very difficult to adjust their balance. The Duchess, too, had been so much at Hatfield that she may have wondered why Queen Elizabeth did not rise from her grave to watch with amazement the newly invented machines bearing their youthful riders at racing speed up and down the stately corridor.

The Duke and Duchess shared a keen appetite for the theatre, a taste which for one of them has proved lasting, although Queen Mary evidently finds herself now unable to indulge it as freely as she might wish. If atavism counts for anything she may be thought to have inherited from her mother the eager appreciation of good acting, an appreciation which by some sort of electric current is conveyed across the footlights to the actors and actresses. From White Lodge it had never been too far, and very seldom too foggy, for a family party to drive up for a first night at the Lyceum, the Criterion, or the James's; cherished may well be the lock of hair of Charles I, offered to Princess May by that supreme artist Henry Irving¹ after a performance of Wills's fine play, and pleasant may well be the recollection of suppers in the room fitted to resemble the cabin of a yacht where Charles Wyndham and his wife would entertain their

¹ Sarah Bernhardt told the present writer that she regarded Irving not as a great actor but as the greatest artist living.

QUEEN MARY

friends after the curtain had fallen on some polished comedy or side-splitting farce. Melodrama was no less appreciated, and here *A Man's Shadow*, with the Trees, was perhaps the favourite, and anyhow often the topic of eager discussion.

In the nineties there were few plays to which young unmarried ladies could not be admitted, and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* was the first attempt to represent "that sort of lady" on the stage. Pinero's problem play was the sensational success in the summer of 1893, and the Duchess of Teck after witnessing it on a fine June evening turned to a friend with the remark, "My daughter will be able to see this play next month".¹ And until Queen Victoria's death the visits of members of the Royal Family to the theatre had a semi-official character. Instead of a paragraph tucked away among the news items, the formula—which always immediately succeeded the Court Circular—ran : "Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales visited such-and-such a theatre last night and honoured the performance of such-and-such a play with their presence".

¹ Queen Mary witnessed the revival of the play by Miss Gladys Cooper and was so interested in it that she persuaded the King to honour also the performance with his presence.

CHAPTER V

BIRTH OF PRINCE OF WALES

SO of course no one was more interested than Queen Victoria when an event of national moment was about to occur, to prepare for which the Duchess of York in the early summer of 1894 settled herself in at White Lodge ; here her own happy childhood had been passed and here she had dearly wished her own first child should see the light.¹ Three days after that happy occurrence the Queen journeyed from Windsor to White Lodge to see the baby whom she pronounced “ a fine strong-looking child ”. The Princess of Wales, who had hurried from Ascot to be present at the accouchement and had whispered of “ my first joy since ”, joined the party, and after one of the Duchess of Teck’s famous teas, the Queen must have some homely talk with the famous accoucheur Dr. Williams who “ did not wish me to see May although she was extremely well ”.

Then on the 16th July came the christening, and White Lodge, in all its history, had probably never before seen quite so many illustrious folk gathered together. The Queen brought, or convened, all her family who were available including the future Emperor and Empress of

¹ The Prince of Wales was born on the 23rd of June.

QUEEN MARY

Russia ; the past and present Prime Ministers, Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery, were in attendance ; the Archbishop of Canterbury administered the sacrament of baptism in "our own font brought purposely from Windsor", and the Queen herself took "the dear fine baby" (wearing the Honiton lace robe made for her eldest daughter) from the hands of Lady Eva Greville,¹ and both handed him to the Archbishop and received him back. But the drawing-room she found "very full and very hot" so after the service she had a tête-à-tête tea with the Duchess of York in the Long Gallery and reminded her that it was here "I used to sit with dearest Albert and look through dear Mamma's letters". These rather mournful reminiscences were dissipated by the urgent request, to be promptly granted, that a photograph might be taken of the Queen with the infant Prince on her lap, while the Prince of Wales with the Duke of York stood behind her, thus representing the four generations.

There had been the usual family discussion as to the names to be given to the Heir Apparent in the third generation ; it was quickly agreed that Edward must be the first and Albert second. The Queen had received an urgent and pathetic message from a friend²

¹ Daughter of the fifth Earl of Warwick, for many years Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Mary.

² The Marchioness of Waterford, daughter of the eighth Duke of Beaufort, who was then dying of an incurable disease.



Downey

FOUR GENERATIONS

Queen Victoria, Princess of Wales, Duchess of York and Prince Edward



THE DUCHESS OF TECK, THE DUCHESS OF YORK AND
PRINCE EDWARD, 1894

THE CHRISTENING

respectfully reminding her of the prophecy that a King David should rule over the earth. There seemed at first a little difficulty in complying with the suggestion when the happy thought occurred to give to a Prince, who anyhow would eventually rule over the British Empire, the names associated with the four home countries of Great Britain, of which David would necessarily be one.

And this year another new interest was to be created. Gossip had lately been busy with the matrimonial prospects—real or imaginary—of Prince Adolphus, and it was suggested that his suit would be favourably considered in a quarter where he would eventually enjoy the rather doubtful privilege of being Consort to a Queen Regnant. The notion assumed no definite shape, and anyhow it was frowned on by a young cavalry officer whose profession and country were alike dear to him. “The noblest subject in England and indeed as Englishmen loved to say the noblest subject in Europe”; so ran Lord Macaulay’s grandiloquent allusion to Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford, but the term towards the close of the nineteenth century was not altogether inapplicable to Hugh Lupus, first Duke of Westminster, the owner alike of boundless wealth, vast estates and loftiest character; the eldest brother of the future Queen Consort could make no more suitable, and certainly no happier, match than with this Duke’s youngest daughter.

All through her girlhood circumstances conspired to

QUEEN MARY

spoil Lady Margaret Grosvenor, but she was one of those women—simple, selfless, and with an acute sense of fun—whose characters are wholly unspoilable. So in her married life her husband, her children (especially these), her friends, her household, even her dogs and horses, all had to be carefully considered, and the only person who evaded consideration was herself. She was a perfect horsewoman, yet if riding were mentioned she would always talk about the skill of someone else, and quite unaffected modesty was of a piece with her high courage, both physical and moral. No wonder that she quickly became, and always remained, a sister to her august brother-in-law and sister-in-law, and was much nearer and dearer to them than many of their cousins in blood ; no wonder they entirely absolved her when, on the outbreak of war, she turned the pictures of the German Princes at Frogmore Cottage, where she was then living, with their faces to the wall.

The Duchess of York was again much at White Lodge in the summer and autumn of 1895, but it was at York Cottage that in December another little boy made his appearance. It was perhaps a little unfortunate he should have selected the 14th for his birthday, for the anniversary of the death of Prince Consort was regarded as a “day apart”. The young mother had been feverishly anxious to avoid the occasions clashing and was a little anxious as to how the Queen

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE

would "take it". But nothing which savoured of the nursery came far amiss to that warmest of motherly hearts, and in the solemn annual service at the Mausoleum, a little prayer surely went up for the new great-grandson. The decree went that he should be called Albert, and it must be his first name : to this the parents now cheerfully agreed, though the Duke of York may have registered a silent vow that hereafter, so far as he was concerned, only biscuits and watch-chains should enjoy the cognomen.

Sixty years of Sovereignty surely demanded public recognition and as in 1897 Queen Victoria's reign exceeded in duration that of any of her predecessors, it was decreed that high holiday should be kept on the 22nd of June under the title of Diamond Jubilee. For the rallying point St. Paul's Cathedral was substituted for Westminster Abbey but, to spare the Queen fatigue, the Service was to take place outside the Great West Door. The rather startling suggestion was offered that the Queen's carriage might be driven up some inclined plane, through the aisles, to come to a halt under the Dome, and when this was turned down, an irreverent official had the bright idea that for convenience sake the statue of Queen Anne might be temporarily shifted. Victoria would not hear of it : "If", she is reported to have said, "I allowed this to be done, how can I be

QUEEN MARY

sure that the same liberty will not hereafter be taken with the statues of myself?"

The Emperor of Austria, despite his weight of years, wanted to come over to England, where he had never yet set foot, and head an Escort of Monarchs and Princes, but the offer had to be gracefully declined because on this occasion no Crowned Heads were to be invited. This ruling had the advantage of ruling out the Kaiser who wished to attend the function with the Kaiscrin and some of his family, and the happy result was to throw into prominence in the procession representatives of all the peoples owning Queen Victoria's sway. The Duchess of York, so far from being comparatively unobserved as had happened ten years earlier, was now the observed of all observers as, clad in soft summer hues, she sat in the carriage only a few paces behind the Sovereign's State coach. But admittedly her chief pleasure that day was to mark the reception the crowds gave to her mother and which was the warmer because the Duchess of Teck had barely recovered from the effects of a serious operation. How little they thought it was the last time the London public would look on that well-loved face.

The cortège had again to suffer a minor casualty. Ten years earlier Lord Lorne¹ had had a difference of opinion with his horse on Constitution Hill and had

¹ Succeeded his father as tenth Duke of Argyll in 1900.

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE

parted from him with some violence and a good deal of disarray of his Highland garb. Now, on the return journey, Lord Howe's charger shot forward on London Bridge, stopped short, and shot the gallant old soldier over his head. The cuirass of the veteran Gold Stick clattered on the pavement with a thud which may well have made the Queen's teeth chatter, but, by some marvel, he was not hurt and pluckily wanted to remount and continue his official duty "next to the Person of the Sovereign". Fourteen years later both these accidents were remembered, and for the Coronation procession of 1911 care was taken that chargers, so far from being given an extra feed to make their coats glossy, should be rendered amenable to their exalted, if sometimes rather inexperienced, riders.

The glories of the costume balls at Marlborough House and Apsley House in 1874 had never been repeated, and—largely to give pleasure to the Duchess of York, the daughter of her first friend in England—the Duchess of Devonshire decided to throw open the doors of Devonshire House and insist that the guests should, without exception, wear fancy dress of some sort. Despite her seventy years and more, the "Double-Duchess" did her honours unfalteringly from before midnight till well past dawn, while the Duke, though yawning visibly and sighing audibly for the Turf Club and a rubber of whist, stood manfully by her side.

QUEEN MARY

The Prince of Wales bore himself bravely as the Grand Prior of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and the Princess looked perhaps a little more like her own lovely self than the Queen Margot she represented. The Duchess of York chose to be a lady of Margot's Court and if the Duke's costume as Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, was rich and becoming, the flat cap he wore made it unusually difficult to believe that in stature he equals, if he does not even slightly exceed, his Consort. The British Museum had been ransacked for designs, so the dresses were not only gorgeous but for the most part fairly accurate. For sheer youthful beauty the palm was unanimously awarded to Lady Westmorland as Hebe in pale blue with an eagle on her shoulder, while perhaps for correctness of detail the Duchess of Somerset's Jane Seymour earned the largest approval. The daughters of a famous Peer, noted for their exquisite neatness, sought to personify the "Furies" without a ruffled hair and with a bland smile on their lips. No wonder that Sir Henry Irving, as he strode through the room in his Cardinal Wolsey's rose-red robes, murmured to a friend "These ladies and gentlemen look very fine but they have not quite got inside their characters".

Mr. Disraeli, in 1868, made bold to remind Queen Victoria that in two centuries the Sovereign had only passed twenty-one days in Ireland; as a matter of fact,

IRELAND

during fifty-nine of her sixty-three years of rule she herself never set foot there at all. The Prince of Wales had several times expressed his more than willingness to occupy a Royal residence in Ireland or to assume some supreme office there, if devoid of political colour; but neither proposal commended itself to the Queen who however was well pleased that his two sons should take part in the Jubilee celebrations in Dublin in 1887, and who warmly encouraged the Duke and Duchess of York to mark her Diamond Jubilee by a visit to her Irish subjects.

At that time the question of a resident member of the Royal Family in Ireland had never been altogether dropped, and although it was never likely to materialise, the almost startling success which awaited on the Duke and Duchess, alike in Dublin and Londonderry, undoubtedly gave colour to the notion that an outward and visible sign, such as the continuous presence of a Prince of the Blood Royal, might do something to weaken the efforts of the Separatists.

The tour—which began on the 18th August and lasted over three weeks—assumed the stereotyped shape common to all Royal tours, but the Royal people sailed through it smoothly with favourable breezes throughout and the Duchess could write to her mother, as she did almost every day, of total immunity from any untoward incident. The Royal tourists went to the Horse Show

QUEEN MARY

twice and were vociferously acclaimed, but as the Duchess knew little, and cared less, about horses, she largely preferred the visit to the Irish Textile Exhibition from which the Viceroy¹ protested he had "difficulty in dragging her away", and which she insisted on being repeated.

Dublin had been on its best behaviour so that the reception in the North could hardly be more cordial, though in its welcome Londonderry was exuberantly enthusiastic. There were a few days at Baronscourt with the Duke of Abercorn, and a few more at Mount Stewart with Lord Londonderry, both very enjoyable even if the talks were sometimes a little hectic, both Peers being ardent Patriots if rather aggressive Protestants.

After Ireland, Glasgow, and the Duchess cut the riband across the new Cessnock Canal, and then as a wind-up a visit to Dalmeny where she quickly formed a delightful, and lasting, friendship with Lord Rosebery, who was surely a man of letters first and a statesman only second.

¹ The fifth Earl of Cadogan.

CHAPTER VI

DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA

OCTOBER of this year was to bring the first sharp sorrow into Queen Mary's life. In the spring had been born a little Princess to whom was given the name of Mary : in the autumn there was to pass out of sight the Princess Mary who had so long and so lovably made her presence felt. "Mamma has again been over-working herself" was a constant and just complaint on her daughter's lips, and to lighten her mother's labours the Duchess of York went to stay at White Lodge while the Duke was at Newmarket. There came a sudden recurrence of the trouble which had necessitated an operation in the spring, another had to be performed and though successful the brave heart was too weak to bear the shock, and with her hand clasped tight in her daughter's a tired mother passed, perhaps not unwillingly, to her rest. It was said at the time, and it proved to be true, that the Duchess of Teck was one of a very small group who are really "missed"; she had friends in every phase and class of life in England and almost in every Court of Europe. For ten years, from her coming-out until the marriage of the Prince and

QUEEN MARY

Princess of Wales, she had been the only Member of the Royal Family to be seen about, her popularity was proverbial and, however richly deserved, may have incurred in some quarters some measure of jealousy. The Duchess was intensely, delightfully human and humanity is never wholly free from faults and failures, but her few faults and failures were almost more attractive than her many merits and successes. Her charities were wide, and if they sprang from a warm heart, they were dictated by a wise head ; a devoted wife and mother, she was a friend who never swerved from her friendships. And it may well be that the memory of that incomparable Princess is a source of inspiration to Queen Mary in the splendid and beneficent activities in which she is so untiringly engaged. At the time of their mother's death, one brother was serving under Kitchener on the Nile ; and the other two¹ were closely engaged in regimental duty : it devolved therefore on the Duchess of York to deal with the mass of papers left by her mother (who could never be persuaded to destroy a letter), to attend to the innumerable matters of business, both domestic and philanthropic, and to see to the well-being of her father who, with each successive month, seemed to become more and more dependent on his daughter.

¹ Prince Alexander, created Earl of Athlone 1917, had been appointed to the 7th Hussars ; he was transferred later to the Royal Horse Guards and subsequently promoted in the 2nd Life Guards.

DEATH OF THE PARENTS

Early in 1900 came the death of the Duke of Teck ; he had been out of health for a long time, never having really recovered from the shock of the Duchess's death, and had been living in retirement at White Lodge where he had been sedulously tended by his daughter. Between the two there had existed many other besides parental ties ; both had the same keen eye for colour, perhaps due to the Hungarian blood which coursed through their veins ; both would gladly devote themselves to the care of a garden and were disposed to regard with envy the profession of a landscape gardener ; both had a flair for arranging a room, whether a State apartment or a modest parlour, and took pride in making it look its best. And if the Duke, through lack of means, was unable to indulge his taste for fine furniture, it was possibly he who implanted in his daughter's breast the desire not only to acquire works of art, but to be able to appraise their value and to know their history.

Not often was the Duchess of York depressed, but she may well have had a little sinking of the heart just now. Within three weeks of the dispatch of Mr. Kruger's unhappy ultimatum her three brothers were under orders to proceed to the theatre of war where things were going badly for our arms. Soldiers who had feared their arrival at Cape Town might be belated were beginning to appreciate Kitchener's warning that

QUEEN MARY

a struggle against the South African patriots would be long and laborious and likely to be fraught with more grief than glory. Friends such as Lord Winchester and General Wauchope had fallen in the fight, and Lady Salisbury, her mother's devoted friend, had died while her son was locked up in Mafeking ; there was a general feeling of depression, though Queen Victoria stoutly maintained that not the slightest cause for it existed. Owing to her mourning the Duchess would go to no theatre but she wrote to her brothers in South Africa of finding the electrophone a tolerable substitute. Things were only a little easier when the telegram went to Lord Roberts at Bloemfontein asking him to stand sponsor to the newly born son ; no wonder that Prince Henry—sometimes spoken of as the war child—showed signs of delicacy as an infant and scarcely foreshadowed the dashing, daring cavalry officer who thirty-five years later was to warm, and win, so many hearts in his father's dominions across the seas.

And it was rather a shock to hear that the Prince of Wales, who had constituted himself Colonel of the Imperial Yeomanry, had been the first of the Imperial Yeomen to be shot at. Of course neither he nor the Princess were even fluttered when the wretched Spiridio's bullet passed over their heads in the railway carriage at Brussels ; the Prince only murmured, "*Pauvre fou*" though he was perhaps annoyed that such feeble attempts

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR

were made to bring the would-be assassin to justice. The Kaiser, though quite indirectly concerned, took the matter more seriously ; he hurried to the British Embassy at eight o'clock in the morning and insisted on the Ambassador coming down in his pyjamas to receive the Imperial condolences on the providential escape of the Uncle whom he detested and the Aunt whom he always sought to conciliate. Incidentally also the Kaiser, who was ever ready with advice, asked the Ambassador if he did not think night-shirts were much more convenient and comfortable than pyjamas.

There was another cause for anxiety and there was impending a grief which was to be no less personal than national. The strain of the South African War was palpably telling on Queen Victoria and was aggravated by the deaths of a son and a grandson. In July the Duke of Coburg had succumbed to the incurable malady which was already attacking his eldest sister, and in October came a telegram with the news that Prince Christian Victor (Queen Victoria's "beloved Christie") had died of enteric fever at Pretoria.

The Court was back at Windsor from Balmoral in November and the Duke of York could write cautiously : "Thank God the Queen is better now but she has been quite seedy". She was eighty-one and life had been exalted rather than easy ; she was battling bravely though

QUEEN MARY

failing eyesight was a sore trial, and day by day she was feeling more and more tired ; her appetite, too, had completely failed her and this in itself was a serious sign. Lord Roberts with undue optimism had thought and said that the campaign in South Africa was over, and so the Household Cavalry were sent home. The Queen inspected the 1st Life Guards on their arrival at Windsor and took the Duchess of York in her carriage so that a sister might get first sight of the brother who was now an officer in that regiment and, since his father's death, Duke of Teck. It proved to be the last military ceremony in which would take part a Queen who through her life always prided herself on being a Soldier's Daughter and certainly proved herself the Soldier's Friend—for at Osborne on the 22nd of January, 1901, the now feeble lamp of life flickered out and a quiet term was set to a reign of ineffable glory. For the Duchess of York the death of Queen Victoria entailed a genuine *deuil de cœur*. A tie existed between them which, however rapidly knitted, would stand the test of any time or experience. For twenty-six years Princess May had held her rather remote relative in veneration, admiration, and considerable awe ; the Duchess of York was far too clever not to know—though she was far too modest ever to say so—that in seven years she had lodged herself entirely in Queen Victoria's affections. She was sure that she would enjoy no immunity from

DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA

criticism but nothing she had ever said or done was ever to provoke anything but genuine approval. The young Duchess had struck at once some chord to which no less quick response had been made and the happiest harmony between the Sovereign and a then junior member of her family was the result.

Nor is it disrespectful to suggest that at several points close resemblance could be traced between the granddaughter and the great-granddaughter of George III. It is easy to detect the same conduct of life based on broad and sound principles, the same high courage and resolute will-power, the same inflexible uprightness mated to the most courteous manners, the same dislike of anything sensational or *outré* (of which the noisy suffragette demonstrations were a type), the same prodigious memory with everything docketed and available for reference at a moment's notice, the same rather faint interest in those human yearnings and strivings which find their issue in poetry and music, the same sound common sense so developed as to reach almost to the edge of genius, the same sincere reverent religion with little reference to theology and less to liturgy, the same belief that children should be tended with affection and brought up in the fear of God and only in very slightly lesser degree of their parents. But there the parallel stops.

QUEEN MARY

Politics, international and domestic, formed an open book from which Queen Victoria read aloud and as to which she entertained, and expressed, well founded but often highly coloured views. Queen Mary though entirely conversant with current events, and much better able than most people to examine them in the light of history, has never been caught up in the labyrinth of politics and on her beneficent influence there can be traced no shadow of bias or prejudice.

Queen Victoria, rightly careful of her own comfort, was, quite unconsciously, little concerned with the comfort of others except of her own immediate dependants. Ministers were compelled with great inconvenience to make long journeys and cross boisterous waters in windy weather rather than that the Sovereign should put herself out to be at Windsor in times of political crisis ; she regretted that she could not ask Mr. Gladstone to "sit down" although the old statesman had every need to be spared fatigue. *Per contra* it is an open secret that Queen Mary would be put to some personal inconvenience rather than that some guest or friend should even seem to suffer it. So in minor matters ; no attempt was made to render Queen Victoria's afternoon Drawing-rooms anything else than truly formidable affairs especially for *décolletées* dowagers who perhaps in streaming sunlight had been exposed for a couple of hours to ribald remarks from a crowd. No

A COMPARISON

refreshments were offered, not from any motive of economy (for as regards money Victoria leaned to largesse) but because it was thought they would give to a Court ceremonial the flavour of an entertainment. Nor was the Queen concerned with the disappointment of the majority of the ladies, and especially the débutantes, who never saw her at all, as she usually left the Throne Room long before the défilé of dipping damsels and damsels had passed. Queen Mary's great concern is that everyone who is summoned to Buckingham Palace, whatever the occasion, should have every possible consideration and that as many as possible should enjoy her personal recognition. At the Courts every item, from the flowers which adorn the well-spread buffets to the pincushions to provide for the final touches to toilettes is within her range of meticulous care, and to her is due the arrangement under which ladies can find within the precincts of the Palace shelter from the curiosity of onlookers inside. But what is far more important, Queen Victoria knew nothing of any class below the middle class and of these not very much, although her superb dignity was not altogether devoid of a few grains of bourgeoisie. She was deeply concerned with the welfare of her people at large but she never seems to have formed any mental picture of the millions of mournful workers with neither sufficient light nor food, and even the semi-starvation which prevailed immediately

QUEEN MARY

before the repeal of the Corn Laws, provoked, so far as one reads her published correspondence, no passionate expressions of pity.

One has only to read the newspapers to certify that Queen Mary penetrates with heart, no less than with brain, into the pitiful conditions which still cry aloud for remedy, and those who live within anything like an inner circle are forward to say that, apart from her wide charities, scarcely a day passes without some individual well certified want being promptly relieved by her.

To the observer of today, and perhaps even more to the student of tomorrow, it may well seem that a Queen Consort has faithfully repeated all the outstanding merits of a Queen Regnant and has filled in the gaps which may have been quite unavoidable and will anyhow do nothing to mar the imperishable memory of a reign for which history offers no equal.

CHAPTER VII

THE COLONIAL TOUR

I REPEAT one thing and this is my *firm* resolve, my *irrevocable decision* that *his* plans, *his* views, *his* wishes about everything are to be *my* law." So wrote Queen Victoria in the first agony of her mourning for the Prince Consort, and King Edward, although he abstained from italics, was no less anxious that his mother's plans, views and wishes should, as far as possible, be carried out. In October, 1900, a Bill had received the Royal Assent which had for its object the creation of a Federal Union among the Australian Colonies, much as the Colonial Provinces of North America had been consolidated into the Dominion of Canada. The term Commonwealth had at first been distasteful to the Queen but her objections were eventually smoothed away by learning that the actual signification of commonwealth was the same as dominion (a name which she had at first preferred) and that certain historical associations attached to it. It was only the name which stuck; the policy had Victoria's entire approval and to give it full

QUEEN MARY

ceremonial effect she had invited the Duke and Duchess of York to proceed as her representatives to Australia and open the new Commonwealth Parliament at Melbourne in the spring of 1901. The invitation, which was cheerfully accepted, had been sweetened by a little bit of special information. Mr. Chamberlain told the Queen that the very best person to become the Governor-General of the great confederation would be Lord Hopetoun, who had already "done so well in Australia". It was at Hopetoun that Princess May's happiest holidays had been spent and "Hopey" and his family were her dear friends ; to have him for a host was a delightful prospect. The Queen had been just a little indisposed to agree to the Colonial Minister's proposal ; "He will be a great loss to me as Lord Chamberlain", she said, but the claims of Empire were paramount and the Duke and Duchess could look forward to their stay at Melbourne for personal as well as patriotic reasons. So the matter stood at the time of the Queen's death and it was almost the first to come under the consideration of her successor. King Edward frankly admitted his reluctance to part with his son and daughter-in-law just now and for so long a period, but he recalled Queen Victoria's positive enthusiasm on the point and his own filial loyalty, backed by an urgent reminder from Lord Salisbury, carried the day ; preparations were at once made, and pushed forward, for the departure of the

THE COLONIAL TOUR

Duke and Duchess of Cornwall on the 17th of March. The title under which the Royal pair would travel had been quietly and quickly settled. King Edward and Queen Alexandra had for nearly fifty years been so widely, and so intimately, known as Prince and Princess of Wales that it would need some time to dissociate them in the public mind from that designation ; the Heir Apparent would therefore tour the Sovereign's overseas dominions under the title which he automatically enjoyed as such ; it would be his father's good pleasure to create him Prince of Wales on his return.

The vessel selected for promotion to the status of a Royal yacht was the Orient Line twin-screw *Ophir*. The crew—including bandsmen, boys, butchers, bakers and barbers—numbered some 320 souls ; one concession was made. The laundryman professed himself incompetent to deal with the starching and goffering which ladies' dresses claimed at the beginning of the century ; he was therefore allowed the solace of his wife's company, and her skill may have done much to repair some of the damages which dainty, and decorative, mourning confections incurred due either to excessive heat or insufficient packing.

The ladies detailed to wait on the Duchess of Cornwall were Lady Katharine Coke—one of the Duchess of Teck's closest friends and mother to a brilliant

QUEEN MARY

amateur actress Lady Crutchley—Lady Mary Trefusis, and the Hon. Mrs. Keppel. The Duke's suite was carefully compiled and headed by Sir Arthur Bigge¹ who for the next thirty years was to enjoy his master's entire confidence. Prince Alexander of Teck, having braved two campaigns in South Africa and, incidentally, assisted at the relief of Mafeking, was granted leave by the Army authorities to serve his brother-in-law. Lord Crichton and the Duke of Roxburghe, both officers of the "Blues", had been for a good deal more than a year in the field against their South African opponents—thirteen years later one was to be foully slain and the other wounded beyond entire recovery by the Germans. Lord Wenlock was the precise type of what our friends across the Channel allude to as *un seigneur Anglais*, Sir Charles Cust, Commander Fawcett and the Hon. Derek Keppel were well-tried friends as well as well-trusted servants, and if Canon Dalton could remind the Duke of boyish escapades when he had charge of him on the *Britannia* and the *Bacchante*, he had retained a good many of the qualities of boyhood himself.

All arrangements went smoothly and all promised well except that the Duchess knew herself to be the woist of sailors and was not unlikely to find that crowded and hectic days on shore would alternate with days of great

¹ Created Lord Stamfordham 1910.

THE CHILDREN

discomfort afloat.¹ But her own comfort was always a secondary consideration and only one thing now served to depress her. There had to be the pang of parting with the children ; the ten months' journey spelt a long separation from schoolroom and nursery, over both of which the Duchess had exercised vigilant supervision. The regime laid down for the little boys and their sister had in view a maximum of fresh air and a minimum of publicity, and it followed a happy middle course between the austerity to which the Fairchild family were subjected and the go-as-you-please methods then in vogue in certain noble Austrian and Russian families. It was a time when young people—and the younger the better from the photographer's point of view—were beginning to be a prey to peripatetic cameras, when their assistance was being invoked for charity bazaars, and when their costumes, and behaviour, as pages or bridesmaids provided succulent journalistic “copy” ; a wise mother was sure that her children would come quite soon enough under the public eye and was determined that all the freshness of early youth should attach to them as long as possible. In her absence they would be under the surveillance of her old friend, and sometime lectrice Madame Bricka, tutors and governesses had been

¹ “Unfortunately”, the Duchess wrote, “I am a very bad sailor, and if not actually ill I have a constant headache—a great loss as being at sea is one's only rest, and it is anything but rest to me”.

QUEEN MARY

carefully selected and nothing left undone which could be done to make them well and happy, but the tug at the maternal heartstrings was very sharp, and the Duchess of Cornwall might well write from the ship on the 21st of March : “ Saturday was an awful day and the leave-taking a sore trial ”.

The sea behaved odiously for the first few days and the Duchess, already tired out, suffered badly ; Gibraltar’s festivities, too, were ruined by drenching rain, but the weather improved and nothing interfered with the gigantic, and grotesque, water carnival organised by the Fleet at Malta. And Aden, despite the sudden and scorching heat, was not quite so forbidding an experience as the Duchess had expected. Her brothers had told her that the better half of it was known as “ Hell with the lid on ” while the crater where the troops lodged was always alluded to as “ Hell with the lid off ”, and moreover that the whole was a hotbed of sickness. Anyhow the residents had done their level best to give as good an impression as possible. The Prince of Wales’s Bunder, so called because it had been King Edward’s landing-place in 1876, had been made into a sort of arbour with foliage brought from twenty miles off, and although it had already begun to look a little tired, it was a relief to the eye against the background of scorching rock ; shrubs and plants, too, adorned the adjoining promenade and flags, bunting, arches and

ADEN

inscriptions of welcome did what they could to make amends for the barrenness of Nature. Hardly had the vessel anchored when two notable Arab chiefs came on board and gave a silver pistol to the Duke and a silver necklace to the Duchess, who perhaps did some violence to her perfect taste as regards jewellery by wearing it for the dinner that evening. So courteous was their reception that there was a little difficulty in persuading Sultan Abdali and Sheikh Fadi to leave when their audience was over, and especially to tear them from the large cheval glass on the top of the saloon stairs ; never before had they appeared so interesting to themselves. There was a State landing—a function to be repeated almost *ad nauseam*—an inspection of the troops with an opportunity to say a few kind words to the West Kents who had not been too happily treated ; a gift of a white ostrich feather boa which the temperature forbade the Royal recipient to wear for more than a minute ; a drive to the famous Tanks, the antiquity of which, like all antiquities, excited the Duchess's interest, and before going on board again the wife of the head of the leading firm of Parsee merchants, one Mrs. Hormusjee Cowasjee Dinshaw, offered a couple of bouquets, brought from Bombay at a cost of 100 rupees apiece. After barren Aden came Ceylon with its fruits and spices and breezes, and, when the tour was over, the Duchess thought that perhaps picturesque Colombo, “with its glorious

QUEEN MARY

vegetation all around ", had pleased her more than any other place.

It was something to get away from the sea for a day or two, though there was very little getting away from leather-lunged perspiring humanity. But the Duchess liked it all—the little boys who fanned her while the inevitable Address was being read, the Devil-dancers on the departure platform for Kandy, the scenery on the way so refreshing after the monotonous sea mirroring a meridian sun, the luncheon on the train waited on by servants in white, crimson and gold with tortoiseshell combs stuck in their hair, the coconut-clad hills beyond Rambukkana, the two stately elephants salaaming on the edge of the line and the procession of those animals on a scale never before attempted which formed the chief item of the evening's entertainment at Kandy. It was all a little bewildering and, after a series of functions the next day in one of which was seen the exiled rebel Arabi, who had just received his pardon, a comparatively quiet Sunday was a welcome interlude, though the Duchess feared the native chiefs who attended midday Divine service might have found the Bishop of Colombo's sermon a trifle too long.

Kandy, like Mrs. Todgers, could "do" it, but Colombo was not to be outdone, and in order to give further tone to the eight-mile drive, every yard of which

COLOMBO

was decorated and punctuated with triumphal arches, the Governor handed over his Indian orderlies with their flying pennants to escort the Royal carriage and contented himself with a dozen M.I. and a couple of cyclists.

Lord Macaulay has described the elder Pitt as having been under a rain of gold boxes ; at Singapore there was a deluge of caskets, containing, of course, windy, wordy, but sincerely affectionate Addresses, and from some of their rich " designs ", however imposing, the Duchess of Cornwall may well have averted a critical eye : the decorations¹ too, though numerically lavish, were artistically lamentable, but what mattered so long as loyalty never fell below fever heat. From Singapore to Melbourne was the last stage of the outward journey and offered a clear case of comedy treading on the heels of tragedy. The day after leaving, death took its only toll during the voyage of the personnel, and at sundown a stoker was " buried at sea ". The service of prayer and hymn was very simple but not a few of the party were not ashamed of their tears ; the Duchess was notably one of them and better than tears she must pen

¹ Perhaps the happiest was a huge Union Jack, on which were inscribed the names of all the British Colonies with Rudyard Kipling's :

Take hold of the wings of the morning
And flop round the world till you're dead
But you won't get away from the tune that they play
To the blooming old rag overhead.

QUEEN MARY

a message of sympathy to “the Old Folk at Home”. Then the crossing of the line, though postponed for a couple of days, had to be observed. Father Neptune, this time impersonated by a plump little boatswain’s mate, had, of course, met the Duke before, but the Duchess was a new acquaintance and his bashfulness was too great to allow him to do more than dip his fingers in the silver bowl and touch her forehead with an offering of a coral bouquet ; but the operation, however inadequate, anyhow rendered the future Queen of England the first British Princess to cross the Equator and to be a freewoman of Neptune’s Kingdom.

There has recently been given a performance of the famous War play, *Journey’s End* by the Dramatic Society of the Royal Horse Guards ; an officer played the part of the coward, and as the rehearsals were strenuous, he was knocked down every evening for a month by a Corporal of Horse, who the next morning would gravely salute his superior at the stable doors. In no Army in the world, as Marshal Foch himself said, could this be done without the slightest subversion of military discipline or etiquette. So the idea of the Heir Apparent to the Throne being man-handled and his Consort “christened” by gallant tars is unthinkable as an occurrence for any other Court in Europe : only in Great Britain are the aristocracy and democracy so happily bonded that a Prince of the Blood can share to

FATHER NEPTUNE

the full in the mirth, no less than in the griefs, of the people without the slightest risk of any loss of dignity and surely to the increase of the esteem and popularity he earns and enjoys.

CHAPTER VIII

AUSTRALIA

MELBOURNE was sighted on the 6th of May, but as the white enamelled hull of the *Ophir* was more than a little travel-stained, a halt was called at Mornington, a quiet little haven a few miles from Melbourne, and Lord Hopetoun¹ could come on board unofficially, put the finishing touches to the next day's ceremony and snatch a few moments to talk over with the Duke the old days at Hopetoun and his own coming of age there especially.

In Port Philip Bay lay German, Russian, Dutch and American cruisers, to whom the *Ophir* dipped as she steamed to her moorings and, being the birthday of the Dowager Empress—aunt to the Duke and second cousin to the Duchess—the Russian flag was run up to the masthead of the British yacht, a mark of attention which provoked a cheer from the rather rough-looking Russian sailors, a cheer which sounded like the simultaneous bark of some enormous pack of hounds.

After the Governor-General had made his official obeisance, the Admirals and Captains of the foreign

¹ Created Marquis of Linlithgow, 1902.

MELBOURNE

ships were invited on board the *Ophir*. The German Admiral knew English fairly well but the Duchess, though always a little reluctant to do so, spoke German, and quite fluent German, to the other officers ; the Russian Captain was a polished courtier and let off some flowery phrases ; the Dutchman was a trifle awkward, but the American was quite ready with a hearty, if unconventional, "Pleased to meet you, Duke".

The time for landing had been fixed for two o'clock, but for hours earlier the St. Kilda Pier, a quarter of a mile of crimson cloth, had been lined with eager crowds, and, from a long double line of masts, streamers fluttered in the breeze under a golden sun and to the tune of a thunder of guns. Australia was determined to be at her best and to remain at her best so long as her Royal guests remained with her ; the wave of enthusiasm was still running high and in Melbourne alone were massed 1,400 cavalry and 11,000 dismounted troops.

Lord Hopetoun's "turn-out" was worthy and reminiscent of the glories of Ascot ; the carriages beautifully appointed, postilions in gold jackets with blue sleeves and, like the footmen, wearing caps and wigs, the teams and the horses of the scarlet-coated outriders all superb animals and emerging from the Governor-General's own stables. Mr. Chamberlain had been doubly right ; both from a decorative no less than an administrative point of view, Lord Hopetoun was

QUEEN MARY

the "very best person" to become the Governor-General.

The Levee the next day was "largely attended", so much so that the Duke of Cornwall's right hand must be tendered for 4,000 grips, some of an inconveniently fervent character; the opening of Parliament was preceded by an evening party and there had been much feminine discussion as to how elastic was the prescribed term "half-mourning". The Duchess, it was noted, had on landing worn black—than which nothing better became her complexion of cream and roses—relieved only by a knot of violets at her bieast, and it was whispered that at the party she would wear black brocade with amethysts which had been the property of Queen Charlotte; eventually black and white or grey were found to be admissible while "very young girls" were dispensed so far as to be allowed to wear "all white"; that virginal hue so prevailed that it was well there was not available a ladies' "Who's Who" with a register of the ladies' ages.

The opening of the Federal Parliament on the 9th of May, the great central ceremony of the expedition, planned with elaborate care and provided with a superb *mise en scène*, was carried out with perfect smoothness and under conditions of the utmost dignity—the House of Representatives filing in slowly in contrast to the breathless and rather undignified rush of the Commons

THE FEDERAL PARLIAMENT

to the Lords at a State Opening of Parliament in Westminster. The supreme moment was reached when the Duke of Cornwall in clear, steady tones, pronounced the words which gave being to a Commonwealth, while the Duchess touched a golden button with a golden key and caused the news to be flashed far and wide.

Curiously enough at the moment when a Federal Parliament was being inaugurated by the Heir Apparent and his Consort in Australia, the question of the income they should enjoy was being sympathetically raised in the Mother of Parliaments at home. Not the slightest protest was offered to the report of the Committee of Supply that to the annual revenue of the Duchy of Cornwall £20,000 should be added, while the Duchess was to receive immediately the same annuity of £10,000 which had been granted to Alexandra, Princess of Wales, while she would receive three times that sum in the unhappy event of her widowhood before her husband's accession.¹

To the State Opening succeeded a State concert ; the Duke and Duchess being no ardent lovers of high-brow music, were by no means averse to missing the first part of the programme, which was orchestral, but they listened with genuine pleasure to the subsequent singing, and the Duchess could remind Miss Ella Russell, who

¹ George IV on his marriage stipulated that his wife should have a jointure of £50,000, which she herself reduced to a prospective £35,000.

QUEEN MARY

“rendered” an excerpt from *Oberon*, of what her mother had told her about the performance of the famous Mademoiselle Titien in that opera.

And as at the Levee, so at the concert, the leading officials sacrificed comfort to convention and wore the gold-laced coats, knee breeches and silk stockings familiar to the Court of St. James’s; but as for one or two of them there had been no opportunity of “trying out” as well as of “trying on” the London-made garments, there were one or two obvious cases of misfit, and one gentleman had to sit down hurriedly in order to conceal a yawning gap.

Then came the great Review, when cadets headed the march past with the pennons of the New South Wales and the green cocksfeathers of the Light Horse. The kilted battalions were specially applauded, partly out of compliment to the Governor-General and partly because of the opportunity given to Scotch colonists to don once more the garb of their boyhood. The Duke paid a great compliment to the 7th Fusiliers by appearing as their Colonel on so great an occasion, but it seemed a little anomalous that a Prince who one day would command the whole British Army should wear a uniform inferior in rank to that of the Governor-General who rode beside him.

Function followed on fête and fête gave way to function for ten days at a stretch, but perhaps what the

FLOWERS

Duchess liked best was the picnic in Fernlaw where, as elsewhere, under tropical sunshine, she revelled in the flowers and ferns of which hitherto she had only read but which from childhood onwards she had always longed to see.

To say that Queen Mary—or anyone else—is a “born gardener” may be aside the truth; that she is a true lover of gardens in all their circumstances and whatever their rank is a commonplace. From the time that she trotted after her father round the grounds at White Lodge¹ and planted and watered her own little plot, her interest in the craft and her love for its products have grown with each successive year. Journalists, with an eye to appetising detail, are addicted to alluding to the carnation as the Queen’s favourite bloom; be this fact or fiction it is undoubtedly true that the whole floral family are her dear friends and, like all true lovers of that wonderful family, a flower in the bed is worth two in the hand. Her own gardens at Windsor and Sandringham, the gorgeous parterres at Hampton Court, the Chelsea Flower Show in the early morning, the gardens of her friends which she likes to discuss with them, the more modest displays in which the cottager takes such eager and such just pride—and which

¹ “So dear old White Lodge is passing from us altogether. I wish we could have kept it.” She was writing home just now but with a note of pleasure that the Duke of Cambridge had lent Kew Cottage to her eldest brother.

QUEEN MARY

the Queen often stops on her way to observe—are all to her sources of pure pleasure. Horticulture, we are told, is the art and science of the cultivation of garden plants for utilitarian or decorative purpose. Queen Mary surely has both those laudable objects in view but, like all skilled amateur gardeners, she finds sheer delight in securing them.

“ Nothing ”, the Duchess of Cornwall wrote, “ could exceed the kind way in which we have been received by everyone and the arrangements have been perfect under the personal guidance of our good friend Hopie who does everything too splendidly for words. Quite the right person in the right place. And she,¹ too, is charming and most popular. It is so nice staying with them, quite like being in an English country house ”.

After Melbourne came Queensland. There had been rumours of fever at Brisbane so the journey was made overland by train, but in order that all should be according to plan the Royal party emerged “ privately ” from their railway carriages and boarded the Government yacht *Lucinda* to be landed at Kennedy Wharf.

Considering the contribution which Australia had made to the Army in South Africa it was a little surprising that 4,000 troops, all of splendid physique, could parade for inspection. Well may they have congratulated themselves on the suitability of their broad-brimmed

¹ The present Dowager Marchioness of Linlithgow.

LORD HOPETOUN

hats, for the sun beat viciously on the varied military headgear of the Royal suite, paying special attention to the Hussar busby of Prince Alexander and the metal helmets of the officers of the Blues, while the Duke himself had more than once to raise his Fusilier head-dress surreptitiously and wipe his heated brow.

CHAPTER IX

NEW ZEALAND AND SOUTH AFRICA

IN Queensland Lord Lamington¹ of course took charge and, incidentally, the Duchess decided to invite Lady Lamington to become one of her Ladies-in-Waiting so soon as she should return to England. Queensland had arranged the usual Review, the not unusual laying of a foundation stone (this time of an Anglican Cathedral), an aboriginal Korroboree, an agricultural exhibition with a Horse Show which involved a nasty accident to a young rider and did nothing to increase the Duchess's rather languid liking for Horse Shows, and on the 24th May a start was made for Sydney. Not until later did it leak out that an Italian cook had smuggled himself into an anarchist meeting at Brisbane and gleaned some rather nebulous news of a prospective explosion. No risks were going to be taken and Government House had housed a contingent of detectives; one member of the Force, as gallant as he was efficient, and determined that no harm should come to the Duchess, was willing to pass

* Governor of Queensland 1895-1902.

QUEENSLAND

a good many hours in the seclusion of the hanging cupboard in her room.

En route to New South Wales the train was halted at Cambooya so that the Duchess might enjoy a "Billy" tea with real bush-made "damper" while the Duke was with difficulty restrained from taking part in a display of stock-riding. The officers of the Royal Horse Guards could not of course be called off and galloped into the mass of excited beeves on borrowed bush ponies cracking long whips in the manner, anyhow as they were pleased to think, approved by Buffalo Bill.

The Duchess spent her thirty-fourth birthday in comparative quiet—and how in her very soul she must have longed for a little quiet—amid the lovely scenery of the Hawkesbury River; then Sydney offered to the *Ophir* the finest harbour in the world and to its Royal passengers the now familiar programme of heavy functions and heavier feasts but all in the same spirit of rapturous loyalty. The ladies noted that the Duchess still wore black although six months had passed since the demise of the Sovereign; the light-hearted students at the University marked the occasion of the Duke receiving yet another LL.D. by hurriedly composing a song which, after a prelude of choruses, mock sermons and burlesques of State ceremonies, they rendered rather hoarsely (like Mr. Ben Allen and Mr. Bob Sawyer) to the tune they happened to know best. The Duke may

QUEEN MARY

well have wondered what his Imperial Cousin of Germany would have thought had he been addressed with :

But when he last appears,
 The welkin we shall arouse,
By giving the Jook three cheers,
 And three for his charming spouse ;
And every undergrad
 With a throat to call his own,
Will not overlook the Dad,
 Who is minding the Kids at Home.

New Zealand was no whit behind Australia in the fervour of her welcome, and assurances were given of the continual attachment of the people of the land of the moa and pounamu (a term which the Duke and Duchess had already mastered) to the King. And at Auckland the Duke perhaps made the most graceful of his speeches when he reminded his hearers that theirs was the first territory to come under his beloved Grandmother's sway after her accession, and that though he had reached the spot farthest from his own home, he was convinced that no heart beat stronger for the Motherland than the heart of New Zealand ; practical proof of this, he added, was to be found in the fact that New Zealand had sent a larger force to South Africa in proportion to population than any other of the Sovereign Colonies. The octogenarian Dr. Campbell was well to the fore and one of the happiest pictures of the tour extant represents the re-elected

NEW ZEALAND

Mayor conducting the Duchess—still in deep black and wearing a small tiara on her beautifully-poised head—round the Art Gallery.

Old age has always made special appeal to Queen Mary and two of the cherished friends of her childhood, despite a difference of nearly seventy years, were a neighbour at Sheen, the famous naturalist Sir Richard Owen, and Lady Holland, in whose gardens many happy hours were spent. So although Addresses are apt to reach the acme of dullness for the addressees, the Duchess heard with interest how Dr. Campbell had seen “the fair city grow from a few tents and break-wind huts on the fern-clad shores of Waitemata to the stately city of today—the future Queen and Capital of all the federated isles of Oceania”. So also perhaps no one across the seas received a more delightful impression of a future Queen than the old man whose course was nearly run and who marked the occasion by making a gift of a People’s Park and signing the conveyance “on the first anniversary of the year I left the Maori village of Waiomu, on the shores of the Hauraki Gulf, and entered the primeval forest to carve with my axe the canoe in which afterwards I made my way to the island of Motu Korea, my first home in the Waitemata”.

The Maoris on whom the next call was made, probably presented the sharpest contrast which a British Princess, who until this year had never travelled outside a very

QUEEN MARY

beaten track, would meet. These good folk were at first a little disappointed that the Sovereign's son appeared in simple mufti instead of a gorgeous uniform and blazing with jewels, but they quickly appreciated the far better compliment that the Duchess, no less than the Duke, wore slung across the shoulder, a kiwi mat and carried a green stone mere, the genuine native insignia of chieftainship. At the carved meeting-house of the tribe the Duke and Duchess received some well-meant gifts which included a kiwi feather tea-cosy, a muff of brown kiwi feathers, and a number of flaxen mats ; the latter however unattractive in appearance were the fruit of infinite labour. It has been said that one of the Queen's most vivid recollections of an unforgettable journey is that of the venerable Major Fox (Pokiha Taranui) who received his commission for services rendered in the war against the Hauhaus, and whose tattooed features were partially concealed by a flowing white beard. He remained seated and closely wrapped in a large kiwi mat, but his right hand never relaxed its grip upon the sword he had received as a reward for valour, and when the Duchess asked him why he had dragged himself from his bed, he replied, " My love was too strong. I could not stay away ".

The brief stay in this remote land will be remembered for a wealth of colour which defied some rather wet

SOUTH AFRICA

weather, warlike displays in which one of the warriors received a nasty flesh wound, a good deal of poetical effusions (one ode being spouted by the chief Poi dancer familiarly known as "the Duchess"), lamentations loud and long for the death of the Great White Queen Wiktoria, and some topical allusions made by the Ngatiporou tribe to the Boer campaign with dark, if significant, suggestions as to the possible future confusion of the German Empire.

There was to be a rough passage to Hobart for which the *Ophir* sailed on the 27th of June; Adelaide, Albany and Perth tripped over one another in enthusiastic receptions until, on 26th July, the little fleet headed for Mauritius, South Africa and Canada.

"In any other war, should there be one (when Georgie be older) and his ship be obliged necessarily to take part in it, I would agree with Bertie." So wrote Queen Victoria in 1881 to the Princess of Wales in passionate protest against King George and his elder brother being attached to the Naval Brigade about to be detailed to take part in the struggle which the unhappy Treaty of Majuba brought to a close.

How little did she think that twenty years later her grandson would set foot in South Africa when a war was raging, but a war which would issue in a South Africa not only *pacificata* but *amica*. Even now there were

QUEEN MARY

some murmurings in London that the landing of the Duke and Duchess might be imprudent or anyhow inopportune but the Duchess's brother¹ could write triumphantly: "Our visit to South Africa has gone off as well as any of them and I am delighted as I said all along this would be the case. People who have never been to the Cape of course knew better"! And he could add that if the escort for the state entry into Cape Town on 19th August consisted of Cape Police, Diamond Fields Horse and Bengalese Lancers a group of Dutch farmers from the disaffected districts had successfully petitioned to be allowed to ride immediately in the rear of the carriage.

Nothing was further behind the thoughts of the Duke and Duchess than to add to Lord Kitchener's labours by calling him away from Pretoria. But devotion to the Sovereign was a fixed point in Kitchener's scheme of thought and he was determined the country which he was seeking to conciliate far more than to conquer should not find him wanting in respect to the Sovereign's representatives. So, quite unexpectedly, at Maritzburg, the Commander-in-Chief greeted the travellers and gave them a further pleasant surprise in the form of a Guard of Honour of the Scots Guards under the command of

¹ In 1923 Lord Athlone was appointed Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Union of South Africa and High Commissioner of South Africa, and at the earnest desire of the country his term of office was extended for a further two years.

LORD KITCHENER

an old friend, Captain Willoughby.¹ In the four hours which he could spare, and which involved some pretty hard travelling, Kitchener told the Duke and Duchess much that was new to them about the weary warfare he was striving to accomplish, brushed away any sinister rumours which still lingered round the concentration camps and must have made the Duchess glow with pleasure when he spoke again to her about the gallantry of her second brother on the Nile. And there was just time for him to be present when the Duke pinned Victoria Crosses on the breasts of the bravest of the brave, among whom was his own A.D.C., the gallant Frank Maxwell,² who fifteen years later was to die gloriously leading (literally leading) his brigade at the Battle of Passchendaele.

And on his return to Pretoria Kitchener was to hear with infinite satisfaction of an episode which was not to be without historic significance. When, on the 23rd August, the time came for departure from Simon's Bay a number of Boer prisoners were invited to Admiralty House and a group of their delegates presented an address with some specimens of their workmanship which included a shield-shaped brooch for the Duchess and some carved toys for the Royal children. The gifts offered with rugged courtesy were accepted with perfect

¹ Captain the Hon. Claude Willoughby, son of the first Earl of Ancaster.

² Lt.-Col. Frank Maxwell, 18th K.G.O. Lancers, brother officer to Sir Clive Wigram and to Col. FitzGerald who perished in the *Hampshire*.

QUEEN MARY

grace. Five months earlier Kitchener¹ had written to the War Minister, "The Boers have a good deal of sentiment of honour, and leaving those, who had helped them, to go to prison for six years would, I felt sure, make it impossible for them to accept the terms offered. We are now carrying on the war to put two or three hundred Dutchmen into prison at the end of it ; it seems to me absurd and wrong ". The Heir Apparent to the Crown would say no word to traverse in any way the policy of the British Government, however he might endorse the views of the Commander of the Field ; but on that 23rd August, 1901, he said something and did something which made it all the easier for him, thirteen years later, to call the Transvaal patriots to battle and range them in line with the vast armies he called upon Kitchener to create.

The weather on the way from St. Vincent to Quebec was hot, steamy and stormy, but by now the Duchess was a little more acclimatised to life at sea and could even take part in a *cotillon*, with her brother as her partner, on a rolling ship ; as there was a great numerical superiority of the male sex some of the officers wore a bit of ribbon round their sleeves to denote them as lady partners, and knowing the Duchess's liking for the theatre there was produced a play entitled *H.M.S.*

¹ Lord Kitchener had taken over command from Lord Roberts in November, 1900.

TO QUEBEC

Mantelpiece in which Sir A. Bigge figured as a Sergeant-Major of Marines, while Prince Alexander and Major Keppel scored successes as Privates in that corps, to the intense delight of the ship's company. Deck games and exercises, which some people honestly like and others honestly detest, had been a daily institution, but in these the Duchess had only fitfully taken part though she had tried them all. Exercise in the tropical heat took its toll even of the most perfect toilette. "The Duchess"—so runs an entry in a diary of the 14th April when the temperature stood nearer 90 degrees than 80—"turned up on deck looking rosy and, at first, quite cool, but she soon succumbed to the sun's rays and vanished till they should be less fierce.

The day before arriving in the Gulf of St. Lawrence there was an untoward occurrence which recalled to one or two of the elder members of the party the tragedy of the *Mistletoe*.¹ A gunboat came alongside the Royal yacht to fetch letters for the Governor-General and a boom was let out with a bag attached to a rope hanging from it. The wash of the big boat sucked the little boat in and caused her to heel over against the *Ophir*'s side; happily the Lieutenant in charge bethought himself to go full steam ahead, and passing close under

¹ When crossing to the Isle of Wight in August, 1875, the Queen's yacht, the *Royal Albert*, ran down another yacht, the *Mistletoe*, which had tried to come up too close, and three of its occupants were drowned in her view.

QUEEN MARY

the cruiser's bows, shot up on her other side. It was an ugly moment, as had the *Quail* been rammed, the boiler would most certainly have burst and the crew would scarcely have escaped. Like so many people who have no sort of fear for themselves, Queen Mary has always been sensitive of danger for others and, admittedly, she could not for some time dismiss the passing horror from her mind.

On the 13th September, the anniversary of the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir and the Battle of the Plains of Abraham, the *Ophir* was signalled at Cape Breton ; three days later, perhaps a little to their surprise on account of the notorious pro-Boer feelings in France, the Duke and Duchess received on landing at Quebec quite as vociferous a welcome from the French as from the English. At Winnipeg new University buildings were opened, at Calgary a large body of Indians mustered to greet the grandson of the Great White Mother, and at Victoria, which the Duchess was assured provided the best climate in Canada, the Duke inspected what was grandiloquently described as the chief British naval base on the Pacific coast of America.

CHAPTER X

CANADA AND HOME

THE journey to Halifax was to be the last of a long and varied series, but it embraced an experience which has surely never faded from Queen Mary's mind. "We had a glorious day with a cloudless sky", she wrote, "for crossing the Rocky Mountains we went for the whole afternoon on a cow-catcher, a most delightful sensation like flying through the air". Was there anything of prophecy in the last words? Anyhow there are some air-minded enthusiasts who still dare to hope that it may be their proud privilege not only to tempt Queen Mary into an aeroplane but to pilot her a short way skywards. And for a panorama on that October afternoon there were pine-clad mountains, huge over-hanging boulders, foaming cascades, all seen through a blaze of variegated foliage, crimson maple, yellow birch and poplar, pine and fir tree of deep olive green; a panorama with which the Scotch hills, and the Swiss mountains and the Italian lakes could but faintly compare. And then, while the Duke went on a shooting expedition, two days were spent by the Duchess at Banff with Lady Minto¹—later to be one of her Ladies of

¹ The fourth Earl of Minto was Governor-General of Canada 1898-1904.

QUEEN MARY

the Bedchamber—as her hostess. There were rambles in all directions amid loveliest scenery, there was a drive to a large corral where a herd of buffalo and elk were still preserved, there were the waterfalls, there was everywhere Nature in her most joyous mood, and there was total freedom from anything which had the faintest whiff of officialdom.

From Toronto—where the Duke received yet another academic degree and where he reminded the undergraduates that for forty years his father had been borne on their Roll—a rapid run carried the travellers to Hamilton and other towns in Western Ontario ; they were at St. John's, New Brunswick, on 17th October, and two days later at Halifax witnessed the last naval and military demonstrations in their honour in which twelve men-of-war and 8,000 troops took part. And at Halifax was struck the final note of the Grand Tour ; in a letter addressed to the Governor-General which ran along the level of simplest yet happiest, prose the Duke of Cornwall reviewed the impressions indelibly burnt into him as he crossed one of the noblest continents in the British Empire.

With her escort of the *Diadem* and *Niobe*, who had relieved the *Juno* and *St. George* at St. Vincent, the *Ophir* started on her homeward run on 25th October, and as it was in the beginning, so was it even worse in the end, for the run proved to be of the roughest ; the



PRINCESS OF WALES, 1905



VICTORIA MARY, PRINCESS OF WALES, WITH
HER SON, PRINCE EDWARD, 1906

PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES

conduct of the Royal yacht was much steadier than that of the first-class cruisers, but as she came up the Channel, she pitched sufficiently to cause a very great deal more than discomfort even to many of the seasoned sailors. So high a sea was still running that when on the 1st of November King Edward and Queen Alexandra came out on the *Victoria and Albert*, neither they nor anyone else could board the *Ophir* and greetings had to be exchanged from a steam barge. The landing at Portsmouth took place at four o'clock in the afternoon and was followed by a joyous family tea-party on board the Sovereign's sumptuous yacht.

The *Odyssey* was accomplished and King Edward set the seal of his approval on it by immediately creating his son Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester. It was a very happy, if rather journey-worn, Prince and Princess of Wales who on the 5th November drove through a lane of cheering crowds to receive London's official welcome, which took the time-honoured form of a copious meal at the Guildhall. But the luncheon was followed by a speech in which King George rose perhaps to the highest oratorical point he has ever reached, and rose by himself. It was a case of Eclipse first and the rest nowhere, although "the rest" comprised Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Rosebery. Did King George, one has since wondered, foresee then the day when France would stand alongside the British

QUEEN MARY

Empire to face a common foe ; anyhow his allusion on that autumn afternoon of 1901 to the Suez Canal as “ a monument to the genius of a gifted son of the great and friendly nation across the Channel ” paved the way for his subsequent advocacy of the *Entente*, while his commendation of the cadet movement in Australia and New Zealand roused those countries to a sense of what they might hereafter be called upon to do and compared to which their gallant contribution to the cause of Empire in South Africa was but a drop in the ocean.

It had been murmured that some of the speeches on the Colonial tour, though free from any blemish, savoured a little of prepared drafts ; it was said with truth that the “ Wake up, England ” oration was entirely the “ Prince of Wales’s own ” and that only the Princess knew precisely what he was going to say.

In his old age Mr. Gladstone told a friend : “ My wife has known every political secret I have ever had and has never betrayed my confidence ”. It is of course not known whether to Queen Mary has ever been put, even tacitly, the question which must be often addressed to the wives of men entrusted with high and really responsible positions : will they know everything and say nothing, or do they prefer only to be kept abreast of superficial current happenings and thus enjoy the larger freedom in conversation ? Certain it is that the most captious critic will be unable to trace to the Consort

THE GUILDFALL SPEECH

of King George any word or gesture other than wholly opportune, kindly and discreet, and, for the most part, largely non-committal. In all ages are to be found women filling high places whose reticence seems to have been the measure of their influence. It is not impossible to think that frequent visits to Hatfield in earlier days have served to remind Queen Mary how large was the influence exercised by Georgina, Marchioness of Salisbury, on the career of her husband, yet all through it she shrank so instinctively from any public expression of opinion that all her resolution had to be mustered to enable her to say from a dais that she had great pleasure in promoting this or that good work.

There have been, and always will be, women who derive exquisite pleasure from the thought that they are working the wires of some great machine ; happily there are many more who, in the spirit of Wordsworth's " Happy Warrior ", prefer to think they are simply serving some great cause which is at stake.

" Let the Prince of Wales know, but no one else " was a frequent phrase on King Edward's lips ; he had suffered himself from being denied access to Cabinet secrets which Queen Victoria would only discuss with her Ministers ; he was determined that his son's apprenticeship for rule should be made the more thorough by a complete knowledge of affairs of State, and that knowledge was surely not withheld from a

QUEEN MARY

Princess who was prone to silence but who could, if needed, be ready with a word of wise advice.

Although half-mourning was still prescribed for any one in touch with the Royal Family, the Prince and Princess of Wales were quick to perceive on their return that an entirely new social order was afoot. Ever since the death of Prince Albert, Queen Victoria had been practically an absentee from the capital ; she had never graced with her presence any of the State balls or concerts —organised on the most generous lines—or any entertainment outside her own demesne ; she had visited neither theatre nor Opera House and an oratorio at the Albert Hall had been her only taste of London's gaieties, while Buckingham Palace itself with its deserted rooms and discoloured imitation marble walls, could justly earn her eldest son's nickname of "The Sepulchre". The new King and Queen made it quickly clear that they intended to substitute for this atmosphere of gloom colour and movement. They would have a good time, in the best sense of the term, largely because they would give a good time to others ; they would entertain as before—only on a larger scale—and, in certain recognised circumstances, they would be entertained by others ; even the State functions, Openings of Parliament, inaugurations of public buildings and so forth, were no longer to be regarded as

THE NEW ORDER

a weariness of the flesh but as quite capable of being no less enjoyable than beneficial. The King's illness in 1902, which necessitated the postponement of the Coronation, caused certain social duties to devolve for a while upon his son and daughter-in-law, but this rendered it no less evident that their position, while of first-rate importance, would be unmistakably secondary. The new Princess of Wales, indeed, was to have a difficult task assigned to her and one that would need both courageous and delicate handling. Owing to Queen Victoria's seclusion and aloofness from all mundane happenings other than those of State, Alexandra, Princess of Wales, had assumed, and for forty years enjoyed, a virtual sovereignty over English society. Her wishes and her tastes a wide circle, without any special obsequiousness, sought to study and follow and in her role of Queen Consort she would shed none of that social influence which, as a matter of fact, was largely due to her peerless beauty and ineffable charm. It was abundantly certain that all the tact ingrained in her daughter-in-law would be needed to carry out her special, or delegated, duties with entire dignity but with far from entire independence. The difficulty was not altogether a new one ; for some unexplained reason no precedence was accorded to the eldest son of the Prince of Wales as such, and the Duke of York had only been *primus inter pares* among the Sovereign's grandsons,

QUEEN MARY

while, as all Royal precedence is in proportion to proximity to the Sovereign, it fell to the Duchess to yield the *pas* to her sisters-in-law. The Duchess of York had accepted the anomalous situation without a murmur, although she knew that in an earlier generation the Duchess of Edinburgh had bewailed long and loudly that the only daughter of the Czar of All the Russias must pass in and out of the Throne Room behind the Consort of a minor German Prince.

Anyhow the Princess of Wales could now feel that she was only second to the Sovereign's Consort among the Sovereign's subjects and her acute, and insistent, sense of duty would persuade her that any of the difficulties she might be called on to confront were only parts of the apprenticeship she was faithfully serving for the supreme post, which, unless mishap should intervene, must be assigned to her.

Marlborough House, the new London home, may not be one of Christopher Wren's happiest architectural efforts, but its rooms are "handsome", if not handsome enough for the splendid ball given by the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1903, when a large part of the garden had to be built over for the supper tables ; the garden has great merits and had then great possibilities of which advantage was taken, and the new tenants greatly enjoyed the privilege of being able to get into and out of their carriages without being subjected to the gaze of a vigilant

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE

knot of people who usually gathered in Ambassador's Court opposite the doors of York House. And steeped as she was in the lore of the House of Hanover, it was something for the Princess to remember that here had lived Queen Adelaide, that poor patient queen of whom in her childhood she had listened to so many stories. Perhaps also the Princess remembered that, curiously enough, at a moment when the Monarchy had sunk rather low in public esteem, Parliament voted for the wife of William IV a jointure of £100,000 a year.

Besides the move to Marlborough House and the circumstances of King Edward's Coronation, there was any amount to do in picking up the threads necessarily dropped in a world tour ; and above all there was the reunion with the children, and the choice of a tutor for the elder boys, and a decision to be taken, and sanctioned, as to Osborne being chosen as the training school for " David " who was no longer Prince Edward of York, but Prince Edward of Wales. " I have sometimes thought ", wrote a famous Indian official whose duties separated him from family life at home, " I would gladly change places with a turnpike-keeper on a country road in England if only I could have my children about me ". Perhaps only when she was again with her children did the Princess realise what the parting had cost her ; and the joys of motherhood were soon again to be hers for on the 20th December, 1902, was

QUEEN MARY

born the Prince for whom the name "George" was voted *nem. con.* "I shall soon have a regiment and not a family", a fond father could proudly say.

Palaces and Royal residences, even those which have fallen into decay and disuse have always claimed Queen Mary's close study, and some of them a good deal of her practical attentions; for Claremont she always had a special liking, chiefly perhaps because it was the married home of Princess Charlotte,¹ the cousin whom at one time the present Queen was thought slightly to resemble in features, and every detail of whose chequered life is familiar to her. So it was all to the good that her youngest brother should draw from Claremont his bride in the person of the Princess Alice of Albany, and the marriage in February, 1904, which had for an immediate sequel the transfer of the bridegroom from the Hussars to the Household Cavalry, met with large approval.

It is always open to doubt as to what, if any, value attaches to "international conversations" and "state visits"; it can anyhow be said for the latter that as they usually do not claim any definite purpose, they cannot be charged with any lamentable failure. Outside the members of her family Queen Victoria had no wish to receive august

¹ Princess Charlotte, curiously enough, was the same generation as Queen Mary's mother, although the one died sixteen years before the other was born.

PRINCE GEORGE

visitors from abroad, and throughout her widowhood, except for a few days spent under her uncle's roof at Laeken, she paid no Royal visit. She gave an interview to the Emperor of Austria at the railway station at Innsbruck, she interviewed the King of Prussia in a family palace at Coburg, and she received the French President in her railway carriage at Noisy-le-Sec, but that was the tale of any acceptance of Royal Hospitality. Indeed in 1868 she provoked some rather sour comment in the French Press for not returning on her way back from Switzerland the call which the Empress Eugénie had paid her on the way out. King Edward, on the other hand, thoroughly enjoyed the interchange of Royal visits whether at Windsor or in any of the capitals of Europe. He liked all the pomp and circumstance chiefly because he knew that through it all he was himself seen and liked. He was too clever not to know that with every step he took abroad he increased his amazing popularity; he was quite as pleased if unrecognised (or if he thought he was not recognised), when incognito, as when, having donned a gala uniform, the crowds in the streets gave him a thundering welcome and the troops gave him a Royal salute. In this matter King George and Queen Mary have steered the middle course of pure duty and it is probably not known to half a dozen persons whether the interchange of courtesies with Rulers of States involves any other cost to them

QUEEN MARY

than a round sum in cash and a considerable draft on physical energies.

The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Austria in April, 1904, had for its ostensible object the desire of the Prince to thank the Emperor for having appointed him Honorary Colonel of the George, Prince of Wales Regiment of the Imperial and Royal Corps of Artillery. Behind this it is possible to think there might have been found a desire on the part of King Edward, the Peacemaker, to assure the Dual Monarchy that the Agreement just signed between England and France was purely concerned with points affecting their interests in various parts of the world ; President Loubet was about to travel to Rome, and, in the course of a State visit, to seek to make the same healthy impression.

The Emperor in his invitation had been forward to claim the Princess—in view of her father's long and frequent stays in his capital—as “something of a Viennese” and she must have heard that in Vienna she was often spoken of as “die Princessin May”—and to do her honour the Emperor would name one of his favourite aides-de-camp, Prince Auersburg, to be her gentleman-in-waiting. From the Princess of Wales's angle the stay in Vienna would be the happier because she would find there her eldest brother¹ who had been

¹ An exuberant correspondent dilated on the “Princess's brother clasping her round the waist on her descent from the train and kissing her in truly British fashion”.

VIENNA

seconded from the Life Guards to take up the duties of Military Attaché and who had already shown that to be valuable in that capacity it is even more important to be a gentleman, in the strict sense of the word, than to be a scientific soldier.

Thirty-five years earlier Francis Joseph had brushed aside Queen Victoria's wishes that her son and daughter-in-law, on their way to the Near East, should have no official receptions anywhere ; the old gentleman never had any use for incognito when his guests were of Blood Royal, but this time, of course, no sort of injunction had been laid on him and he was at the station on the 20th April with all the Archdukes that could be mustered to greet the Prince and Princess, the latter looking especially attractive in a dress of heliotrope colour. Perhaps the veteran ruler remembered also it was the first time the Consort of a monarch or Heir to a Throne had visited the city since the foul murder of the beautiful Empress ; anyhow the Princess needed no reminder that the first item on the programme (so overcrowded as to necessitate several items being deleted), must be to place flowers not only on Elizabeth's tomb but on that of her even unhappier son.

A visit to the Cathedral Church and the Imperial Treasure Room on the 21st preceded a so-called "family dinner" at Hofburg and a ball in the Hall of Ceremonies which the Emperor begged the Princess of Wales to

QUEEN MARY

open with Prince Windisgratz. Two days were punctuated by a gala dinner which gave the Prince of Wales an opportunity of wearing his new uniform, a really brilliant ball given by the Archduke Frederick where the Princess danced to the small hours of the morning, from which the Prince stole away to do more than justify his reputation in a capercailzie shoot at Neuberg, by a Pirantschrude which, being interpreted, meant a rather ruthless drive through an expanse of violets and pansies (surely agony to a flower lover like the Princess) and by a dinner and reception at the British Embassy, which gave great pleasure to everyone except possibly the few stray British in Vienna who were not favoured with an invitation.

Early on the morning of St. George's Day the Emperor, contrary to programme, came himself to the station to bid God-speed to his guests on their way to Würtemberg. So signal had been the success of the visit, so happy was the Emperor to find in it, as he himself said, a new proof of "the true friendship which exists between our families and our countries" that it was with difficulty he was persuaded by his physicians to forego a sudden desire to come to England in the summer himself; it was with sincere reluctance, and after considerable argument, that he agreed to send as a substitute the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the Heir to the Hapsburg Throne, whose death was to set Europe ablaze.

WÜRTENBERG

Late that evening the Prince and Princess arrived at Stuttgart, the Prince bearing the Order of the Garter with which he invested the King in the Great Throne Room of the Royal castle, the investiture being followed by the inevitable banquet fixed for an hour when at home the illustrious guests would have been considering afternoon tea.

When in her teens the Princess had bent her steps to Würtemberg in company with her parents and her devotion to her father's memory would clothe Würtemberg for her with an absorbing interest. Ten years later, on her accession, Queen Mary was by special permission to quarter the Würtemberg Arms, to adopt the Würtemberg colour for the Order she would give to her ladies-in-waiting and maids-of-honour and to look directly to Würtemberg for her paternal origin ; four years later again she would note with something approaching satisfaction that from the grosser German malpractices to be noted in the earlier stages of the War, the Würtembergers entirely abstained.

CHAPTER XI

TOUR IN INDIA

LORD SALISBURY in 1874 wrote to Queen Victoria: "The Indian Councils think that a visit from the Prince of Wales would have a highly beneficial influence upon the minds of your Majesty's subjects in that country generally and on the feudatory princes of your Majesty's Empire in particular". The Queen's consent to the proposal was wrung from her with some difficulty, partly because she feared for her son's safety, and partly because she thought difficulties might arise in respect to the relations in which her Heir would stand towards her Viceroy. The latter point was for a while to be the subject of acute controversy, but a compromise was reached with the happy suggestion of Captain Baring, afterwards famous as Lord Cromer, who was at that time Lord Northbrook's Private Secretary.¹ No such thought occurred to

¹ The Prince of Wales thought that he should fill in India the Sovereign's place and that his mission should not be hampered by disparaging official limitations, and in this view he was entirely supported by Lord Salisbury. Lord Northbrook, on the other hand, was positive that it would be injurious to his own prestige for the Prince to come out as the Queen's representative. The situation was rendered more difficult by the fact that the relations between the Liberal Viceroy and the Conservative Secretary of State were at the time strained on grounds of general policy.

King Edward (and under analogous conditions no such thought has ever entered King George's mind) when there was unfolded to him the desire of the Prince and Princess of Wales to spend a short while in India. As a matter of fact the proposed visit was part of a promise to Lord Curzon, who however suggested that it might be postponed to 1904 so as to allow an interval after staggering expenses had been incurred with the Durbar in 1902. "The native chiefs", King Edward wrote to Lord Curzon, "have doubtless been put to considerable expense this year, and as my son and his wife would naturally have to pay visits to the most important ones, it would cause a great drain on their resources, and you are, I know, most properly anxious that they should not be too prolific in the spending of money on ceremonials". A happy event, however, forbade a visit in the winter of 1904, and it was not until 9th November, 1905, that the Prince and Princess landed in Bombay, to be received by the outgoing Viceroy, Lord Curzon, and by Lord Lamington, Governor of Bombay, whose guests they had been at Queensland four years earlier.

Gorgeous jewels and glowing colours have always had a special charm for Queen Mary, and her eyes must indeed have had a feast as she disembarked from the *Renown* and saw the bevy of magnificent Maharajahs mustered on the landing pier known as the Apollo

QUEEN MARY

Bunder. Each of them was a breathing, gleaming (perspiring) monument of precious stuffs and precious stones ; the head of one of them was encircled in a positive tower of silk and pearls, his necklace consisted of three rows of huge emeralds, his torso was encased in cloth of gold, and an apron (the word sounds too modest) of stiff glistening stuff covered the rest of his herculean frame. Another potentate of much smaller dimensions wore a great turban from the crown of which rose a plume of red and blue and gold which, quivering in the sunshine, gave him the appearance of a brilliant bird of paradise ; in an effervescence of loyalty, to this stupendous head-dress he had fastened an enamelled miniature of Queen Victoria set with pearls ; his tunic which fitted him with uncomfortable tightness was of sea-green, while a gold-embroidered sash hung from the waist to the feet, and beneath the feet stretched two thin, highly-polished top-boots, armed with spurs of gold. And the feast for the eye was not only rich but opportune, for the Princess could linger on it while the black-mitred President of the Corporation of Bombay read an Address of Welcome which did not err on the side of brevity. For nearly a week Bombay clattered with hoofs, rattled with wheels, thundered with salutes and glittered with State coaches in the daytime, while the evenings were marked by banquets and levees. But the Royal visitors

BOMBAY

exhibited princely patience through it all and indeed seemed as usual to derive some enjoyment. Anyhow the American lady who, at the landing pointed to Lady Curzon with "Isn't she a howling beauty?" was constrained to say of the whole thing that it was a "howling success".

It is not unlikely that there stands out in high relief in Queen Mary's memory the "Vadhavilevani" which took place in the Town Hall; during its progress she may have remembered the story she heard as a child of the luncheon offered to Alexandra, Princess of Wales, in Cairo by the Viceroy's mother, and when the "arti" had to be evaded, she may have remembered how her mother-in-law evaded the onion dipped in gravy which one of the Eastern princesses was anxious she should sample. The Bombay ceremony, of course, was a strictly purdah affair and was performed by a group of selected Parsi ladies. An egg and a coco-nut were passed seven times round the head of Her Royal Highness and then broken, the seven times symbolising the seven circles of the world, and the fracture a symbol that so may be broken any calamities that the evil spirits which move in those circles may be concocting for the person performed upon. Furthermore, the Parsi ladies explained that, as the breaking of the egg and the coco-nut is productive of wholesome nourishment, so may every broken evil turn to good for the

QUEEN MARY

Princess. Likewise a dish full of water was passed seven times round the head and then poured away, the significance of this being that no drought but rather rainy abundance may be the Princess's lot through life. A handful of rice was also thrown over the head, indicating the wish that Her Royal Highness might not only have enough food, but in such plenty as to be able even to scatter it round her. Then a lady who took the part of High Priestess, pressed her knuckles against her own temples until they cracked, in token that so might all misfortunes which threatened the Princess be broken.

It was then the turn of a group of Hindu dames. And their "turn" consisted of a number of burning wicks arranged in a tray round a quantity of red powder with which they proposed—a proposal which met with smiling excuses—to anoint the Princess's brow ; it was a well-meant, if slightly inconvenient, office indicating that as red is the brightest of the seven colours, even so may the brightest of lights shine perpetually upon the recipient. Nor was it yet over ; the Princess had now to undergo a shower of gold and silver almonds with other nuts, the meaning of which did not seem precisely clear, but the final offering of a coco-nut was lucidly, and volubly, explained ; as the kernel of the nut gives food and contains water, as its leaves provide roofing, as its coir makes articles of furniture and its shells can be turned into cups, so may the Princess

INDORE

never lack food, water, shelter or furniture. The ritual may have conveyed full assurance as to immunity from future want but, for a Princess always *tirée à quatre épingles* there may have been some anxiety as to whether she would emerge from it equally immune from injury to a dainty toilette.

It had been intended that the Prince and Princess should go from Bombay to Ajmere, but with famine and plague stalking about, Ajmere was in no holiday mood, and Indore was the next stage. At the station, gay with red carpets and bunting, over fifty Chiefs of Central India were awaiting the arrival of the train, of whom by far the most attractive was the youthful Maharajah of Holkar, resplendent in scarlet and gold; prominent also was the Begum of Bhopal, who appeared to the Princess like a little bundle of lilac silk crowned with diamonds, her eyes indicated by two holes in her gauze veil, but who was singled out at once for a fairly long if obviously difficult conversation. Durbar, garden-party, banquet and reception made up a programme which was to be followed again and again with splendid monotony, and for the Durbar here a large pavilion of glittering cloth was prepared on the yellow plain surrounding the Residency. At one end stood two thrones, a velvet and silver one in front and a smaller armchair a little behind it, the attendants in robes of scarlet and gold being armed with parasols and

QUEEN MARY

fans of the same colours and with colossal fly flaps of horsehair which had the appearance of a Hercules club and certainly did good execution as fans. The Princess took her seat informally on the dais to watch the strange procession which defiled past the Prince, some with turbans, others with crowns, some very young, some very old, a few painfully lean, a good many others very bulky, but they all bowed, and after the Prince had laid his hand between theirs, retreated backwards by no means ungracefully and without any mishaps. After the Prince had handed to each Chief a piece of *pan* wrapped up in silver paper and sprinkled a few drops of otto of roses into his handkerchief, the function was over, and a visit could be paid to the British Agent whose mansion stood within the Residency limits. It was here that the attention of the Princess may have been drawn to the Hospital hard by, famed for its success in providing 500 new noses annually to a corresponding number of Indian wives who, owing to a quarrel with their lords, had been not irreparably deprived of that organ.

Three days later at Udaipur the Princess successfully brought her charms to bear on the Maharana, a potentate who derives his descent directly from the Sun, and so conservative in his outlook that he had only with much difficulty been persuaded to countenance railways and telegraphs ; he had insisted that anyhow these

AT UDAIPUR

new-fangled inventions should be kept at a very respectful distance from his own Palace. But, his guests once arrived, the old gentleman's mood melted and he not only paid quite unexpected compliments to the Princess but arranged for the Prince to go out after a panther, and deep were his regrets that only four pigs and three hyænas were accounted for.

The Maharajah of Jaipur was an elderly gentleman who habitually rode under a canopy of cloth of gold, who drove to the Station in a State coach and four to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales, but was then well content to lay his sword at their feet. The procession he had organised to the Residency would leave recollections of a string of State carriages flanked by elephants, of groups of Nagas in crimson or green close-fitting jackets with peacocks' feathers bobbing on their heads—who however were not a quarter as savage as they looked—of pandits with censers in their hands and benedictions on their lips, and of women's songs of welcome drowned in the din which was nearly as bad as the dust, dust which that year could not be laid; water was far too precious. For the Durbar in the Council Hall two high-backed thrones of red velvet and gold, with fan-bearers behind them, accommodated the Maharajah and the Prince, who carried on a rather disjointed discussion, with the intervention of the Resident, while the Princess with her ladies viewed

QUEEN MARY

the scene from a garlanded gallery ; not even could a future Queen Consort be recognised in so strict a community as that of Rajputans.

Dustier than ever was the desert journey to Bikanir where the station was so small as to be almost buried in its festal garb. Outside was drawn up the Guard of Honour of the celebrated Camel Corps, sturdy, curly-bearded Rajputs with the medals of two campaigns on their breasts and sitting bolt upright on red-tasselled camels. Here the Maharajah was a well-groomed young gentleman with a faultless English accent and an English vocabulary which never failed him, but who could point to long lines of green-clad, grey-bearded warriors, each armed with an ancient sword, mounted on richly-caparisoned camels or horses and to a row of cavaliers stiff with mail coats, who might well have been taken for Crusaders ; this noble could also tell the Princess, who had a special liking for genealogies, that he came of a long line of Rajputs never contaminated by intermarriage with a Mohammedan, and that he could trace his descent unbrokenly from the fifteenth century.

At Lahore there had been lately some murmurings about Lord Curzon, not as the representative of the King-Emperor but in his individual capacity, and there had been even a whisper of a general harta with a view to drawing the Prince of Wales's attention to real, or

THE NORTH-WESTERN FRONTIER

supposed, wrongs ; but at Lahore the Punjab Chiefs had assembled in a city of canvas of which every tent was a palace of silk, cloth of gold and silver. The inmates themselves were no less splendid, and each had *en suite* a troop of gorgeous retainers, elephants in jewel-embroidered coverings, and camels and horses no less richly equipped. But the boy Maharajah of Patiala, still a pupil at the Aitchison College, outshone them all, and the gallop past the Prince of Wales of his cavalry was perhaps even more memorable than the trot past of the Camel Corps. Some of the other Princes at the formal reception were overpowering alike by their jewels, ropes of pearls and strings of diamonds, as by their huge avoirdupois and many of them literally waddled up to the Prince's dais, clumsy either with superabundance of flesh or under a weight of gold.

The Princess of Wales knew her history far too well not to know all that the North-Western Frontier means to India and to England, and she may still specially dwell on the moment when at Peshawar turbanned, bearded hillmen made their salaams ; at Peshawar also came the news that a Conservative Government had tottered to its fall and that the Portfolios for India and War would be assigned to Mr. Morley and Mr. Haldane. Burnt into memory also must be the drive through the Khyber Pass as far as Lundi Kotal and the return to Rawalpindi where at a great Review on the

QUEEN MARY

8th December there was to be illustrated the Commander-in-Chief's new Army Distribution Scheme. Fifty-five thousand men had assembled, and Lord Kitchener¹ was to lead past the saluting point Hussars and Lancers, Sikhs and Dogras, Punjabis and Pathans, Baluchis and Madrassia, Rajputs and Gurkhas, Englishmen and Irishmen, and, perhaps the most attractive of all, Seaforth Highlanders and Gordon Highlanders in their kilts and khaki helmets. Rightly was the *Pioneer Mail* moved to rapturous period :

“ One saw a mass of men moving in what may be compared to a forest of bayonets, save where the rifle regiments were placed, and the regimental colours rose above the helmets and turbans to mark the position of this or that regiment. Squads of scarlet, khaki, or rifle-green moved slowly past, and the impression made by this mass of infantry will long be remembered by all who saw the Review.”

Kitchener himself would always admit that it was a day which he never could forget, and it was in the afterglow of it that he wrote to Lady Salisbury : “ The tour of the Prince and Princess is proving an immense success and they have made themselves intensely popular ”.

¹ Lord Kitchener was appointed Commander-in-Chief in India in 1902.

A FEAST

The Prince and Princess were next to be found on the slopes of the Himalayas and at Jammu, where a welcome had been organised by General Rajah Sir Amar Singh, Chief Minister of the Maharajah of Jammu and Kashmir, whose appearance in the uniform of a British General and the turban of a Kashmir Rajah was very "striking". At Jammu there occurred an incident due to the Prince of Wales's kind heart, and perhaps due also to his recollection of the Jubilee Dinner when the then Princess of Wales entertained 400,000 people who had no qualification other than that of poverty. On the day preceding the Royal arrival it was announced by beat of drum that the poor should assemble on a given day and hour to be fed in state. The proclamation was the result of a desire expressed by the Prince, and eagerly endorsed by the Princess, that the eatable portion of the ziafat, the customary present of fruit and sweetmeats, should be converted into food to be distributed among the really hungry. And so hungry they proved to be that a force of 250 Sepoys and police had to be told off to prevent any squabbling while the guests devoured the viands and washed them down with copious draughts carried in skins by water-carriers from the Jogi Gate Canal.

At Amritsar, a city which has been pleasantly described as the favourite playing-ground of all the diseases that have ever been invented or imagined, the lavish

QUEEN MARY

decorations were tempered by a simple motto, "Tell your Parents we are Happy", the terseness of which was in agreeable contrast to the Sikh salutation: "Wahi-Guru-ji-ka-Khalsa-Sri-Wahi-Guru-ji-ki-Fateh", surely the longest greeting ever uttered in a single breath.

For a devoted sister there was now to be a truly happy experience, for on the 20th December she could date a letter from the Lieutenant-Governor's Camp, United Provinces, to say that she had discovered the bungalow which her eldest brother had occupied when doing duty with the 17th Lancers and was now the property of Lord Basing, commanding the Royal Dragoons. She dwelt on the thrill of going over the Residency, a thrill which was the greater because the cicerone was the veteran Colonel Bourdon, who had gone through the siege and could explain everything in all its cruel detail. How little she had thought, she wrote, when she used to address her letters to her soldier brother from White Lodge that some day she would come to the place herself. And there was just the little note of sadness in the recollection of how deeply interested the dearly-loved mother would have been in it all.

And did memories of the happy Yuletides of her own childhood cross the mind of the Princess when she bethought herself of the children at Gwalior and busied

CHRISTMAS AT GWALIOR

herself most happily in arranging and presiding over a Christmas tree for them? And was it her first experience—outside the Zoological gardens—of riding an elephant? an experience which had been described by some ladies as dignified exaltation tempered by the sobering effects of possible seasickness. Anyhow, at the station at Gwalior when the ceremonies of reception and presentation (perhaps now becoming a little trite) were over, for the procession to the Palace thirty-six gorgeously-arrayed elephants solemnly advanced and, a gangway having been fixed from the platform to the golden howdahs (a howdah, by the way, has been not inaptly alluded to as a splendid imitation of a dentist's chair) the Prince of Wales stepped on to one stately beast accompanied by the Maharajah while a graceful ascent was made up the side of another by the Princess attended by the agent of the Governor-General. The colour scheme had been well thought out. Behind the Prince and Princess sat an attendant in scarlet and gold holding a scarlet and gold parasol; the ten elephants carrying the royal suite were caparisoned in silver while the twenty-five who carried the Gwalior nobles suggested a huge moving flower garden. The Maharajah of Gwalior had professed a burning wish to outdo the Maharajah of Jaipur and he entirely succeeded, anyhow as regards outlay, for the simple reason that the latter had curtailed a good deal of the pageantry proposed to him and had

QUEEN MARY

given the cash to alleviate some of the distress among his subjects.

A poet, one Baki Chadra Chatiyee, had been moved to address Bengal with :

Mother,
Land of the glad white moonlit nights
Land of trees with flowers in bloom
Land of smiles, Land of voices sweet,
Giver of joy, giver of desire ;

but at that moment Bengal was anything but a “ land of smiles ”, and certainly not a land of “ voices sweet ”, for the recent partition of the provinces had stirred up the angriest feelings and there had even been heard sullen whispers of an organised boycott by the natives of the royal tourists. So unhappy a happening was, however, averted by the tact and courage of the new Viceroy ; Lord Minto, at once a statesman, a soldier and a sportsman (in the true sense of the word), had talked straightly and very seriously to Mr. Gandhi, the extremist leader and, by a blend of firmness and coaxing had actually secured that energetic gentleman’s active help in hindering any incident likely to set aflame racial passions.

At Calcutta was more to be officially said and done—including a presentation of colours to the 1st Battalion of the Lancashire Regiment, which had just spent its 220th birthday—but it was all said and done in company

LORD AND LADY MINTO

with the Mintos, who were old and trusted friends as well as a perfect host and hostess, and it was pleasant to hear that the happiest relations had been solidly formed between the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief and there would be no revival of anything like the battle royal which had been fought over the problem labelled "dual control". And the Viceroy could surely write to the Sovereign and use no figure of speech in saying that the Heir Apparent and his Consort had won golden opinions through every class, colour and creed in India.

From Bengal to Burma meant not only a three days' journey but perhaps as complete a change as could be found in a transfer from one Indian province to another and the time allotted to Burma by an inexorable time-table was found all too short. Pleasant enough were the days in Rangoon, but there was some justifiable impatience to see Mandalay and for the actual journey there, the Prince insisted on the train being speeded up to something like G.W.R. pace. Twenty years had passed since the Princess had seen Venice but to Venice her thoughts had often travelled back, and Mandalay, perhaps far more than Bombay, suggested to her a Venice of the East, a Venice without Campanile or Canals but with a subtle charm which no European city, however lovely, can fully claim. Was it all the evidence she saw of Chinese influence in Art in Mandalay which later inspired Queen Mary to contrive the Chinese Room

QUEEN MARY

at Buckingham Palace, a room which has made water the mouth of many a connoisseur.

Mandalay, which had lost its crown but had retained all its odour of sanctity ; Mandalay, with its golden monastery, a masterpiece of fretwork, its golden domes and its spires peering down from among the palm trees, its dainty and exquisitely dressed Burmese ladies, its few, but glowing, bazaars¹—how could the sightseeing be crowded into a morning, or two or even three mornings ? Happily the garden-party had not the character of an official function for its chief features were native boat races on the Palace moat, but when night fell and a start must be made back to Rangoon the Prince was scarcely less loud in regret than the Princess that so brief a time had been allowed for so wonderful a place.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
And of gold temples in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky.

How far, one may ask, is the “pleasing land” responsible for the place, pre-eminent perhaps among contemporary writers, which Mr. Rudyard Kipling occupies in the esteem of the King and Queen.

A passage across the Blue Bay brought the Royal party to Madras on the 29th January, and at Mysore

¹ Some of these bazaars were burnt down a few months later.

MANDALAY

the Prince heard of the sudden death of the King of Denmark, the grandfather under whose roof the Royal families of Great Britain, Russia, Greece had mustered and where, with his cousins, so many happy days of boyhood had been spent. At Seringapatam the tomb of Tippoo, tended by his conquerors, may have meant more to the Princess than the subsequent elephant hunt which—probably far more to please the Maharajah than herself—she witnessed and where an unhappy beater was almost done to his death by an infuriated lady of the tribe.

Relief, whether material or moral, for women is a subject of which there is little Queen Mary does not know and one which she had done a good deal more than most people know to further, so, at Hyderabad, a promise, made before leaving England, was gladly fulfilled and there was laid the Foundation Stone of the Victoria Zenana Hospital, which has proved to be an institution of first-rate value. The Nizam could not be present for the function, owing to the death of his daughter; the sad event itself was greatly regrettable and regretted but, admittedly, not so the cancelling of what might have been a rather formidable banquet.

It has been perhaps rather cheaply said that London is famed abroad for its fogs and its Lord Mayor, Paris for its boulevards and frocks, Naples for its Vesuvius and its macaroni, Constantinople for its Turkish delight

QUEEN MARY

and Armenian massacres, while the characteristic of Benares is "holiness". How far the sense of Eastern piety conveyed itself to a very British party of travellers is uncertain, but it is possible they recognised that at no place was it more difficult to harmonise State ceremonies of the West with an intensely Eastern city, and they may have been glad that the functions largely resolved themselves into an elephant procession, for which the largest animal to be found in India was assigned to the Prince and Princess jointly.

From Benares the Princess made an excursion to Dehra Dun and Mussoorie, while the Prince went again to Gwalior on shooting intent; a much larger shoot had been arranged by the Maharajah of Nepal, which cholera stepped in to forbid, and the Prince hastened to rejoin the Princess at Aligarh, where their visit was to be commemorated by the erection and equipment of a School of Science, which bears the title of the Anglo-Mohammedan Oriental College, to which Mahomedans had nobly contributed.

There was to be one more Durbar, and at Quetta this was attended by the Khan himself, then on St. Patrick's Day the Prince and Princess set sail from Karachi. From Karachi went a farewell message. "We have seen enough to make India a living reality to us, enough to make us wish we could see more, and to implant for ever in our hearts sympathy and interest in

QUETTA AND KARACHI

all that affects our fellow subjects in India of whatever creed or race."

The tour in India may fade in importance beside the splendid circumstances of the Coronation Durbar when Indians must no longer be addressed as "fellow subjects" by their Sovereign. A certain sameness may have marked receptions, presentations of Addresses, banquets, and other festival functions, but a Prince and Princess had enjoyed to the full what was, anyhow to one of them, a first taste of Oriental pageantry, and their evident sense of enjoyment and the pleasant intercourse between them and the ruling Chiefs did something to pave the way for the triumphs of 1911-1912.

CHAPTER XII

CORONATION

WHILE in India the Prince and Princess had heard that the marriage of King Alfonso with Princess Ena of Battenberg was fixed for the 2nd of June and that they would be invited to attend it. Although the entrance of Princess Ena into the Roman Catholic Church exacerbated Protestant feelings in certain quarters¹ there were many who knew her who would say that this would do nothing to undermine, possibly something to fortify, the Christian faith of a prospective Queen of Spain. The Princess of Wales may have remembered a contrasting occasion when religious convictions caused her mother to decline a share in a Throne. In 1856, the King of Sardinia, having lost his first wife, Queen Marie Adelaide, proposed for the hand of Princess Mary Adelaide, to receive through Baron Marochetti an answer penned by Lord Clarendon :

“ Princess Mary, having maturely weighed the matter in all its different bearings, has come to the

¹ An appeal was made to King Edward to withhold his consent, but he took the right view that, as the Princess did not come within the Royal Marriage Act, he had no reason to interfere with her matrimonial arrangement. His “Consent in Council” would be a graceful formality rather than a legal necessity.

LORD CLARENCE'S LETTER

conclusion that it is her duty as regards both the King of Sardinia and herself to decline the offer, which you were empowered to make on the part of His Majesty.

Princess Mary fully appreciates the many excellent and noble qualities of the King. She does not doubt that in him individually she would be happy, and she thinks that the alliance would be popular in England; but Her Royal Highness feels that as the Protestant Queen of Sardinia she must be in a false position, and that a wife can never find herself thus placed without injury to her husband.

Princess Mary is deeply attached to her religion, which is the first consideration in this world, and in the free and undisturbed exercise of that religion, however much it might be sanctioned by the King, and supported by His Majesty's Government, she feels that she would be the object of constant suspicion, that her motives would be liable to misconstruction, and that the King would be exposed to grave embarrassments, which time would only serve to increase."

It was something for the Princess to remember that Queen Victoria had spoken of the letter as doing "dear Mary the greatest credit" and adding

QUEEN MARY

that she had "dear Mary's happiness and welfare as much at heart as if she were my own sister". Like their parents, their evangelical training did nothing to narrow the religious outlook of the Prince and Princess of Wales, nor make it difficult for them to be spectators in a ceremony with whose ritual they may have been largely unfamiliar. So it was with feelings of entire pleasure they set out for Paris and Madrid at the end of May, and the pleasure was enhanced by the company of Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck, the latter being recognised as the favourite cousin of the bride. The occasion was marked by a dastardly outrage; as the bridal pair were returning to the Palace from the church of San Geronimo, an anarchist flung a bomb at the Royal carriage, several soldiers and spectators being killed while the assassin committed suicide to avoid arrest. The courage of Queen Ena gained for her immediately, not only the respect, but the affections of the Spanish people from which, despite later devastating circumstances, she has never been dislodged. She appeared quite unmoved even by the sight of the blood which splashed her wedding dress, and the only anxiety and emotion she expressed was on behalf of the killed and injured. In Queen Ena's breast bravery is implanted as deeply as it is to be found with every member of the House of Hanover: her bravery may well be one of the characteristics which has specially commended her to

MADRID

her Cousin of England and has caused Queen Mary to be her most sympathetic as well as constant and loyal friend.

Apart from this grim incident the stay in Madrid—a town the Princess saw for the first time—was pleasant enough, with lodgings in the Reale Palace ; the Escorial breathed history, if it suggested some of history's darker side, and like all lovers of art, whether expert or not, the Princess at the Prado was lost in admiration of the superb examples of Velasquez's brush.

Certainly not less than other people must Kings and Queens look, and long, for something like real relaxation, and in January, 1907, King Edward suggested to Queen Alexandra that they should spend a week in Paris quasi-incognito ; they would "do" the theatres and studios and see their friends as far as possible like other visitors to the French capital. A year later the Prince of Wales made precisely the same praiseworthy proposition to the Princess, and on the 31st March, "Lord and Lady Killarney", arriving from Darmstadt, alighted at the Hotel Bristol, *cette vieille boîte*, as M. Ritz scornfully described the old-fashioned, and now vanished, hotel in the Place Vendôme which so many exalted personages were wont to patronise.

"He went in that manner which the grandes of Italie do often make use of whenas they travell and which they call incoguito." So wrote a seventeenth century

QUEEN MARY

author of Italian origin and the “ which they call ” is quite apt. King Albert of the Belgians used the term in its fullest sense when holiday-making in a Swiss village, but incognito may simply mean a very reasonable desire to avoid receptions abroad and other tedious demonstrations of respect and good-will. On this occasion a well-meant, but rather thin, reminder was put forward by an inspired journalist ; King Leopold of the Belgians and King George of the Hellenes, it was urged, could come and go without drawing undue attention or having their footsteps dogged by industrious reporters, so why, it was asked, could not the same respectful and welcome neglect be accorded now ? The answer was obvious : the two Monarchs named were frequently in Paris (the former not always in the most dignified circumstances) whereas the advent of the Prince and Princess of Wales was a wholly novel and very stirring event. But the innate politeness of Parisians sufficed to enable their visitors to “ have a good time ” comparatively unmolested even by the more pertinacious and curious boulevardiers. There was a dinner at the Embassy, where the Princess could talk to the Duc de Luynes of the happy time at Dampierre ; there was a *déjeuner* at the Elysée to which the Presidents of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies and the members of the Government with their wives were invited and which might have been a very stiff

IN PARIS INCOGNITO

affair but for the affability of the Royal guests. But this was the beginning and the end of officialdom and the Prince and Princess were left free to go to the two salons and talk to Detaille and Rodin, to inspect Flameng's nearly-finished portrait of Queen Alexandra, to see some rather tame racing at Auteuil, to hear *Aida* at the Opera, and to go to the theatres on the boulevards of which they had heard so much and knew so little. And one morning while the Prince thoroughly explored the Invalides, the Princess made her way, under the guidance of beautiful Lady Ripon, to learn something of the dazzling glories of Chartres ; and in the afternoon the British-born Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild—to whom the Empress Eugénie gave the palm for beauty among all the ladies who came to the Tuileries—entertained them at tea *en petit comité* in the Rue St. Florentin. The Baroness was perhaps a little surprised when the Princess drew the Prince to the open window and reminded him that the Place de la Concorde over which they were looking was the Place Louis Quinze until the Revolution, and pointed out precisely where Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette had met their cruel fate, “the King at the entrance of the Champs-Elysées where the Marly horses are, and the Queen at the centre of the Square”. The lady who had lived in Paris ever since her marriage wondered how many French people would be able to instruct one another as to the precise

QUEEN MARY

point in Whitehall where Charles I stepped on to the scaffold.

Altogether twelve very happy, and by no means uninstructive, days were spent, the happier because the Princess had gracefully declined the petitions of the *couturières* to sample their wares, which must have descended on her like a cyclone. "Trying on" she was sure would absorb far too much time which ought to be devoted to sightseeing, and although the dainty confections of some of her foreign cousins, such as Marie, Queen of Roumania, would please her eye and taste, she preferred that her own countrywomen should enjoy her custom.

On the return from Paris a good deal had to be done in the next three months. First there was the wonderful message to be dealt with in which Lord Mount Stephen told the Prince of Wales that in addition to the £40,000 he had already given, he was making over to King Edward's Hospital Fund a sum calculated to produce an annual income of £7,000. The message was all the more delightful because Lady Mount Stephen had been one of the intimates at White Lodge; she was to remain in the innermost circle of Queen Mary's friends, and the Queen was Lady Mount Stephen's guest in Sussex only two days before she died. Then in pouring rain the Prince and Princess made, or rather waded, their way to open the Anglo-French Exhibition at Shepherd's

LORD MOUNT STEPHEN

Bush which, however unready for the Inauguration Ceremony, had the happiest results in tightening the ties between two countries with common interests. The President of the French Republic came over and, alike to M. Fallières and M. Pichon, the Foreign Minister, the most agreeable amenities were extended from Marlborough House, both statesmen remarking on the purity of the Princess of Wales's French.

They opened a Town Hall at Stockport and the new sub-Thames tunnel between Rotherhithe and Stepney; there was a garden party for the Pan-Anglican Congress and the normal summer engagements were agreeably interrupted by a visit to Devonshire and Cornwall, where the Prince was so large a landlord and his tenants were unaffectedly glad to see the Princess. There was much correspondence as to the formal restoration of Glastonbury Abbey to the Church, a solemnity in which they would be glad to share especially as it would entail a thorough inspection of stately Wells Cathedral; shooting in Scotland was followed by more shooting in Norfolk, but towards the end of the year a cloud began to gather which was not to be dispersed; to those near and dear to him it was obvious that King Edward's health was failing. The routine of work and play went on, but there was not the same keen relish for either of them; the old eagerness to be up and doing now alternated with bouts of depression, again

QUEEN MARY

and again the whole frame was exhausted by fits of coughing, the more painful to witness because the sufferer strove so hard to stifle them. While the situation abroad, with the Balkans for a storm centre, was dangerous, the political situation at home was becoming more and more difficult and it was with diminished vitality the Sovereign must face it.

All this the Prince of Wales through 1909 watched with deep if carefully concealed, concern, and the Princess, who has been the partner of all her husband's troubles no less than his triumphs, shared his anxious vigil. For the first time since, and indeed before, the accession of the House of Hanover, the happiest and closest relations existed between the Sovereign and his Heir Apparent, and until he became her father-in-law the Princess had always regarded "Uncle Bertie" as her mother's staunch and devoted friend. Perhaps she was just a little afraid of a splendid person who knew, and remembered so accurately, everything about everybody, but it was a sort of delicious fear which love need not, and does not, cast out.

Early in March, 1910, King Edward gave his last dinner party at Buckingham Palace and set out for Biarritz ; in the draughty Porte St. Martin theatre where Rostand's over-rated *Chanticleer* was being played, he caught a cold which resulted in a nearly fatal attack of bronchitis. Once more, but only once more, the King's resilience reasserted itself and he returned to London in

DEATH OF KING EDWARD

seemingly better health and spirits. Then a chill rather imprudently contracted at Sandringham on the last day of April and neglected so as not to disappoint friends in London was to impose an end to a wholly beneficent life and reign, and on the 6th May, Edward VII had fulfilled his vow that only with his last breath would he cease to work for his country.

Not till a fortnight later did the funeral take place, and from Westminster Hall where King Edward had lain in State, the new King rode to Paddington Station, flanked by the German Emperor and the Duke of Connaught and followed by a cortège of reigning Monarchs and Princes such as had probably never been brought together before in history and the care of whose lives cost the police a good many sleepless nights. Following the horsemen came a procession of nine State carriages, the first containing the Queen Mother with two daughters and the Empress Marie of Russia, while in the second rode Queen Mary with her two sons and the Queen of Norway. Queen Alexandra, in her sudden and deep sorrow, was leaning very largely on her favourite sister for sympathy and support and the precedence now accorded to the Dowager Empress was of a piece with the delicate consideration which the Queen Consort always sought to show for her bereaved mother-in-law. So in St. George's Chapel, as the procession of mourners moved slowly eastwards, the

QUEEN MARY

King was seen with the Queen-Mother by his side, the Queen Consort for the last time taking other than first place among the Dames of England.

The period of mourning for King Edward was observed no less than for Queen Victoria and for twelve months to the hour anyone in touch with the Court, or invited to meet the King and Queen anywhere, was enjoined to wear the soberest black. For black, and especially unrelieved black, Queen Mary is supposed to have no liking, and except on occasions of Court mourning—which are few—or on Good Friday, she seldom affects it, though not the least successful of her portraits represents her at the opening of the 1911 Parliament clad in black, her robe slashed with the Blue which betokens the Supreme Order of Chivalry. For King George had been quick to follow his father's example and confer on his Queen the status of a Dame of the Garter, a graceful custom instituted by Cœur de Lion which had fallen into disuse since Henry VII “Gartered” his mother.¹

Mourning had of course ceased to be as emphatic as it had been a quarter of a century earlier when every milliner and draper's assistant knew the exact scale of lamentations in crape trimmings which every bereaved wife or sister should adopt. Queen Victoria, besides

¹ In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries Queen Consorts and other exalted women were designated *Dames de la Fraternité de Saint Georges*.

PRINCE FRANCIS

her habitual garb of woe, was careful to observe the demise of her almost countless relatives, and there were constantly recurring prescriptions in the Court Circular for mourning (or half-mourning) German Princes and Princesses of whom, when they were alive, English folk had known nothing. Under the present healthy Palace regime mourning is almost wholly restricted to a mark of respect for the Heads of States, and the least possible inconvenience and expense is, in this respect, incurred even by those who form the group immediately surrounding the Sovereign and his Consort.

But in the midst of the mourning for King Edward came a very real grief to Queen Mary in the death of her second brother.

Very tall, very handsome, very like his father "der schöner Uhlán", a soldier who had seen plenty of hard fighting before he retired from the Service, Prince Francis had all his mother's joyousness and was a man of the world to his finger-tips. He seemed to know everybody and certainly was a favourite with everybody whom he knew; incapable of any unkind word and responsible for a great many kind deeds, he kept himself abreast, if not a little ahead, of all that was going on and he could act as a valuable liaison between his sister and current events which might otherwise have escaped her knowledge. From Windsor Station to St. George's on a sunny October morning, with his

QUEEN MARY

brothers-in-law by his side, the King walked as chief mourner with an escort of the Blues dismounted, thus establishing the privilege of the Household Cavalry to attend the Person of the Sovereign whether mounted or afoot. The Queen drove with her sisters-in-law under a mounted escort of the same regiment, and in the Chapel her usual almost imperturbable calmness forsook her and she broke down and wept bitterly. There must have come back to her for the moment with almost painfully vivid clearness the old happy days at White Lodge when "Frank" would often be the life and soul of the party and the arch purveyor of boyish mischief.

There is a story, probably wholly apocryphal, that Queen Victoria, soon after her accession, said to one of her entourage: "They think I am a little girl, but I will show them that I am Queen of England". Most certainly the thought never occurred to Queen Mary that she would "show them she was a Queen", but like Queen Victoria, in the fullness of time she *did* it. In her girlhood she had been "Princess Mary's daughter" and the junior of all the Princesses; as Duchess of York she had begun to loom in the public eye but had only found slender opportunity for taking any definite lead; as Princess of Wales she had been somewhat overshadowed by the recollections of her predecessor, who for forty years had been not only

QUEEN MARY

Princess of Wales but *the Princess* to whom the world paid willing homage ; now in a moment, as it were, she rose to her new position with an ease which may have astonished any who had failed to realise the qualities which lay at the very root of her character ; every lingering vestige of shyness was to be shaken off like the shreds of an old robe, and from the first Queen Mary invested her exalted circumstances not only with a dignity but with a sense of majesty which in twenty-five years has been the observed of all observers. Nor—contrary to opinions sometimes hazarded—was there to be found any reluctance to assume the primary place among the women of England now assigned to her. “The desire for office”, said Mr. Gladstone, “is the desire of ardent minds for a larger space and scope within which to serve the country”. It does not lie within public knowledge whether through long years of patient, and self-controlled training, there lurked in Queen Mary’s breast any desire for supreme office ; it lies beyond any shadow of doubt that she has used her “office” solely and sincerely to “serve the country”.

Whether or not she had given the matter previous thought the new Queen Consort decided, without hesitation, to shed “Victoria” and that “Mary”, the name which meant so much to her, should be her single appellation ; her first signature on a scrap of notepaper must remain the priceless possession of the trusted

QUEEN MARY

friend and servant to whom it was given. As "Queen Mary" she would be crowned.

Punctuality may be considered as the handmaid of precision and it would be as difficult to find an instance of the King and Queen altering a date once fixed for any important function as of their being a minute late in attending it. Even before the new year of 1911 had dawned, the 22nd June had been chosen for the Coronation; preparations for it went steadily on and one or two showy occasions, such as the opening of the Festival of Empire at the Crystal Palace, the Royal Review of Boy Scouts, the semi-State drive up the Ascot racecourse¹ were its prelude, while for a week a truce was to be called over the hotly-disputed Parliament Bill. Queen Mary was thoroughly and historically acquainted with all the details, all the elaborate but intensely significant ritual, of the Sacre. Much information had surely been derived from the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, who could now make the rather startling claim that she had been present at three Coronations in the Abbey. At Strelitz constantly, at her villa near Dresden and at Mentone, the Grand Duchess, born a year after the accession of George IV, had been visited by her niece

¹ Fifty years earlier, Queen Victoria had (for once in vain) asked her son not to go to Ascot more than two days in the week. King Edward and Queen Alexandra only drove up the course on the Tuesday and Thursday, but early in this reign the custom was adopted of Ascot State on all the days.

FOUR DUCHESSES

who lavished on her care and attention which for the last two years had been redoubled ; her husband the blind Grand Duke, and her brother the Duke of Cambridge, both full of years and honours and enjoying life to the last, had died, and the loneliness of the old Princess was to be cheered by her sister's children.

Just as "Aunt Augusta" had told her little niece all the stories of the past, so now she would eagerly, and with equal wisdom, discuss and advise a Queen Consort as to the future. It was the Grand Duchess who had reminded Queen Alexandra that she should walk under a canopy to be carried by four Duchesses,¹ and the Duchesses of Portland, Montrose, Sutherland and Hamilton, would now tender the same honourable service to Queen Mary.

As to what she would wear for any occasion the Queen has probably never asked—and has certainly never required—any advice. "*Elle a son chic à elle*", was the unanimous verdict in 1914 of the Parisiennes who had come to criticise, perhaps even to deride, and had

¹ The draft ceremonial submitted to William IV by the Earl Marshal, on 5th September, 1831, reads : "The Queen will then kneel down, and four Duchesses, appointed for that service, holding a rich Pall of Silk or Cloth of Gold, over Her Majesty, the Archbishop will pour the consecrated Oil upon her head, saying : 'In the Name of the Father,' etc." His Majesty, upon being shown this draft ceremonial, observed "that there is some difficulty in finding the four Duchesses, who are to support the Pall over the Queen during the Anointing" ; this no doubt accounts for Queen Adelaide having to replace one Duchess by the Marchioness of Lansdowne.

QUEEN MARY

remained to do nothing but admire. And for the great event the white and gold embroidery with the design of rose, thistle, shamrock and lotus leaves richly embroidered on the gorgeous stuff was as happy in conception as it was splendid in effect.

The Service in the Abbey Church fell under the happy direction of the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, who, as a "producer", proved himself a kindly but firm disciplinarian, and some 8,000 persons were gathered within the old walls to await the arrival of the King and Queen. From her Chair of State the Queen listened to the King taking the amended Coronation Oath, to the "Veni Creator", and to the rather inappropriate anthem, "Zadok the Priest", superbly rendered by a combined choir; she watching the clothing of the King with the kingly insignia, the touching of the King's heel with the golden spurs, the assumption of the gorgeous pallium, or Royal robe, the presentation of the Orb, and the other rites attaching to the Coronation itself of the Lord's Anointed. She then herself rose and advanced to a faldstool where the Archbishop prayed that "Thy servant Mary whom in Thy Name we consecrate Queen may be defended from all danger ghostly and bodily and be an example of virtue and piety". Then there was a move to another faldstool at the north of the Altar, where a Queen Consort—unlike a Sovereign Regnant—*kneels* for the anointing and crowning. And



Downey

QUEEN MARY
at the opening of Parliament, 1911



Downey

QUEEN MARY
in coronation robes, 1911

THE CORONATION

the kneeling here was no conventional gesture ; once more perhaps, even in that supreme moment of her life, the thought of all the godly training of her girlhood swept over her and for some moments before she motioned to the Archbishop to pour the holy oils over her head and place the jewelled ring on her finger, Queen Mary remained motionless in a prayer which may have mounted to the Great White Throne itself. Then as the Primate placed the Crown, with the great Koh-i-noor flashing and sparkling so that all could see it, upon the Queen's anointed brow, the white-gloved Peeresses raised their Coronets together and placed them on their heads. It was a good little bit of feminine drill, the more praiseworthy because probably it had never been rehearsed, and if little subsequent adjustments had to be made to suit various coiffures, the moment itself was highly effective. The Queen having received back her ivory rod, then descended from the sacrarium and simultaneously with the Mistress of the Robes and her Ladies-in-Waiting, made her obeisance to the King before taking her place beside him. Then from east to west the Abbey Church was hushed and in a silence which could be felt, the Most Holy Sacrament was administered to the King and Queen " meekly kneeling on their knees " with their crowns lying beside them.

Three o'clock was about to strike when the rear of the procession passed inside the Palace gates and Queen

QUEEN MARY

Mary, throwing fatigue to the winds, was determined that, if 8,000 people had witnessed the ceremony within the Abbey walls, ten times that number should be treated to a truly dramatic incident. For nearly ten minutes, the newly-crowned King and Queen stood on the great crimson-hung balcony, bowing and waving to the crowds who surged underneath ; so tumultuous were the cheers that the echo was caught up and repeated again and again in and beyond Piccadilly and the Park.

The day's proceedings had been without a hitch and, as on the morrow when there was a drive in semi-State to and from the City, without casualty ; the Queen, whose care for the safety of others is in inverse ratio as to any anxiety of her own, sent a quick message of thanks to Lord Kitchener for the elaborate arrangements which an arch-organiser had made to ensure an enthusiastic multitude against accident.

CHAPTER XIII

THE DURBAR

“YOU know you are now Duke of Cornwall ? ” the Queen told her son when King Edward died. The sixteen-year-old Prince, however careless about his exalted rank, was quite aware of the fact but may, if he thought about it at all, have been well pleased to know that on the 23rd of June he would be created Prince of Wales. The investiture at Carnarvon on the 30th of July, although the religious service was a little bewildering, proved, as a picturesque ceremonial of historical value, to be a very close runner-up of the Coronation ; the Queen, who has always impressed on her children the importance of being able to “ speak with other tongues ”, must have had a delicious thrill to note that, besides his perfect grace of gesture, the Prince enunciated faultlessly a few sentences in Welsh.

Edinburgh and Scotland were to be treated to a good deal more than the scraps of the feast of pageantry and colour which London had enjoyed and the stay at Holyrood, to which they clattered under an appropriate escort of the Scots Greys, inspired the Queen to do all that she had done—often with the Duke of Atholl as

QUEEN MARY

an enthusiastic coadjutor—to make the Palace, without the slightest invasion on its tradition, what it now is.

The King's proposal, which he pronounced himself in the House of Lords, to visit India with the Queen in the autumn, came as a complete surprise to everybody ; it had been one of the well-considered and well-guarded Palace secrets to which perhaps not half a dozen people were privy. The Indian tour was to be the culminating point of the Coronation ceremonies and was itself to culminate in the Durbar at Delhi, a city soon to be restored—though the secret of this remained long in the bosoms of the King and Queen alone—to proud pre-eminence among the capitals of the world.¹

It was a little annoying that reminiscent journalists would reiterate that ninety years had elapsed since a British Sovereign had visited his Overseas Dominions ; comparisons are sometimes as unhappy as compromises and nothing could be less happy than an analogy between the King-Emperor “celebrating in his Indian Dominions the solemnity of the Coronation” (so ran the sonorous sentence) and the jog-trot visits of the early Georges to their estates in Hanover.

For the voyage the *Medina* was fitted up by the P. & O.

¹ Lord Curzon was outspoken as to the change being made without the advice, or even the knowledge, of himself and any other ex-Viceroy. To be supreme in India in 1905 and not worth consulting on a matter of cardinal importance there in 1911 may have served as a reminder that pro-Consuls, however potent, are only representatives and only for a while.

THE MEDINA

Company with every possible comfort and convenience, not forgetting a large safe to protect the Crowns and the Queen's jewels, which now included the famous emeralds. The *Medina* was of course manned by the Navy with a large contingent of the Royal Marines, and agreeably reinforced by the band of the Royal Artillery. A suite was carefully selected from within and without the Royal Household and for Lord Durham, one of the King's few intimate friends, there was invented the impressive title of Lord High Steward, his cousin, the Duchess of Devonshire, fulfilling her duties as Mistress of the Robes. For the Colonial tour the Queen's youngest brother had been successfully detailed ; her eldest brother, the Duke of Teck, combined such a mastery of all the intricacies of military etiquette with an almost uncanny knowledge of officers, whether in the British or Indian Army, that now no other choice could be made for the post of Personal A.D.C., and so "Official" was the event that the Secretary of State, Lord Crewe, had to be in attendance. In immediate waiting on the Queen were Lord and Lady Shaftesbury, and at the open-air concerts on a moonlight night her Lord Chamberlain would tender "Songs of Araby" and thereby remind her of a favourite tenor, Ben Davies, whom she could just remember hearing with Marie Tempest in *Dorothy*. To make a record of the journey Mr. John Fortescue, Librarian at Windsor Castle, was

QUEEN MARY

of course appointed, while in some fascinating chapters Mr. Jacomb-Hood was to show that here, as in 1906, his pen was but little behind his brush. The Military A.D.C., to represent the British Army, was Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, towards whom the King had a decided leaning and who, from the moment he set foot on deck, sprang into general favour. He was a little hot-tempered and not a little self-willed, but most certainly it was that very quality of self-will¹ which caused him on that unforgettable August day of 1914 to save what might have been a very dangerous situation by standing fast and giving battle at Le Cateau. Attached also to the Queen's suite were four sailor boys specially selected as messengers, and there is a charming sketch extant of the Queen seated in a deck chair signing photographs handed to her by the King's Equerry, and dear friend, Sir Charles Cust, while Miss Baring, the Maid of Honour, with one of the youthful sailors, sorts them out and arranges them on the deck to dry.

From Gibraltar on the way out to Gibraltar on the way home, the sun shone with uniform brilliance, but between Portsmouth, whence the start was made on 11th November, and Gibraltar there was an experience of the Bay of Biscay at its very worst, and almost

¹ Lord Kitchener, who was sure that concentration so far forward as Maubeuge, would have for its sequel a retreat, was keenly alive to this quality when he insisted on sending Smith-Dorrien to France to replace General Grierson.

THE KHEDIVE

everyone on board succumbed to it except the cowman, who, as a matter of fact, had never before seen the sea. The Queen's cabin had been placed too far forward and had to be changed in mid-storm, and the two days when wind and waves united in fury could have been little less than torture to her ; all honour to a Queen to whom the sea, unless it be lake-like, is apt to be little less than a misery, that whether India, Australia or an inflamed Ireland were the objective, she has never for an instant flinched from facing what is likely to be an ordeal but which she envisages a beneficent duty.

At Port Said there were the inevitable receptions, but Kitchener, who had just been appointed Agent-General, could report that Egypt was faithfully observing the neutrality prescribed for her during the Italo-Turkish war then afoot, while the Khedive, momentarily on his best behaviour, said that, in order to allay any nervous apprehensions of Her Majesty (probably there is no one more free from nervous apprehensions than the Queen) he had arranged that at every kilometre post a sentry should stand and that patrols from the Camel Corps would follow the ship on both banks.

Rain at Aden is almost unknown, but Aden selected the opportunity of the *Medina's* brief stay to offer a deluge, and a deluge to the tune of a thunderstorm. The Royal landing at Bombay, under Imperial salute, took place on the afternoon of the 2nd of December ;

QUEEN MARY

and the President of the Bombay Municipal Corporation in a commendably short Address vindicated the right of Bombay—dowry of Catherine of Braganza—to the honour of first welcoming Their Majesties to India ; to this the King replied, not only with well-chosen phrases but with a clarity of diction which seems rather to have taken aback even some of his entourage, but with which listeners-in today are happily familiar.

The Oriental is lavish in expenditure alike in colour and cash but, no less than the British taxpayer, he expects value for his money in the matter of pomp and circumstance. The whole Imperial tour was thus glorified in far greater degree than would be possible in a similar progress through England. More especially were the military forward in their attentions. Where in London there would be a Sovereign's Escort, in Bombay there were three regiments of cavalry and a battery of the Royal Horse Artillery, and the short progress through the streets and back to the harbour was picked out by the braided blue of Hussars, the embroidered jackets of the Lancers and the Royal scarlet of Dragoons ; guards of honour multiplied everywhere, regiment vied with regiment in friendly rivalry to add distinction and glamour to every scene, dark turbaned horsemen were eager to perform their devoir to their Liege Lord and his Lady ; even at Agra the Queen had to yield to an earnest request of the 13th Hussars to be

DELHI

allowed the honour of escorting her to church on Christmas Day.

At the Selingarh station on the 7th of December there awaited the King and Queen the Viceroy with Lady Hardinge, leading Indian officials and a group of Indian Princes, among whom was rightly conspicuous Sir Pertab Singh, who was already alluded to as a veteran, but who three years later was to lead his troops in his Emperor's service on European battlefields.

For the entrance into Delhi three processions were formed of which the second was that of the King-Emperor, and it was unfortunately marked by faulty stage-management. Imagination plays a large part in the character of the native Indian and on a day which will be forever marked with golden letters in the Indian calendar, it was of cardinal importance that the Great White Sovereign should be seen, as he is, Supreme above all others ; the howdah of an elephant was the proper point to which the public gaze should have been directed. What the people saw, or rather what many of them failed to see, was the King astride a horse in a uniform to the inexpert eye differing little from that of a British General, and wearing a pith helmet which did too much to overshadow the features on which the crowds were eager to gaze. The Queen, beautifully dressed in cream lace, a large hat with blue and cream feathers on her fair hair, the Blue of the Garter slung across her shoulder and the

QUEEN MARY

great fan and umbrella over her head, sat, superbly erect as usual, alone in the carriage ; her very gorgeousness, while it excited the breathless admiration of the crowds, caused not a few to murmur that the King was not in the procession at all.

'The Imperial Camp covered a space of twenty-five square miles and not the least part of the gigantic task of constructing it was to be found in the trim grass lawns which replaced what a short year earlier had been brown desert. Every day and evening leading up to the great Durbar on the 12th was crowded with events of which, perhaps, the least happy item was the State Banquet offered to a hundred guests. The tent, chosen before the arrival of the King's Staff and which it was then too late to alter, was very long but so narrow and low as to present the reverse of a regal appearance and to constitute an offence against the laws of hygiene in the matter of ventilation.

The Queen was, perhaps more than anyone, anxious that the great ceremonial itself should be enacted without a hitch and insisted that, at the rehearsal, she and the King should play their own parts ; their imitation robes were pinned on their shoulders, they practised getting into and out of their carriages with them on, the whole matter of sitting on the dais where they would receive the homage of the various Chiefs was carefully gone through, as well as the procession to the high-hung

THE DURBAR

white pavilion where they would be proclaimed by the Heralds.

Then at high noon on the 12th came the supreme moment of triumph. The Queen wore the same richly embroidered gold and green gown as for the Coronation, a purple velvet mantle bordered with ermine falling from her shoulders, and her emeralds flashing in the sunlight, and seated beside a crowned and royally robed King she presented a picture which must have been painted indelibly on the memory of every witness.

Procession after procession passed, thunder after thunder of artillery roared its salute, the Viceroy read a Proclamation of Boons to be conferred in honour of the day, and finally the Chief Herald stood up to his full height in his stirrups and called for three cheers for the King-Emperor and three more for the Queen-Empress. A final fanfare from the trumpeters and then in a clear voice the King read from a slip of paper the news which buzzed from centre to flank of the great arena and within an hour or two was to impart to England the well-kept secret that the capital of India was to be transferred from Calcutta to Delhi, a Governorship was to be created for the Presidency of Bengal, a new Lieutenant-Governorship for Bihar with a general redistribution of boundaries.

A great national festival filled the afternoon with all the displays and shows in which the Indian revels;

QUEEN MARY

there were musical rides, daring displays of horsemanship, groups of jugglers and other "turns". Once more the Queen's knowledge "of what people like" was to be illustrated. The curious mistake is often made by highly-placed and kindly people who think that when visiting their more lowly friends they should be dressed as "simply" as possible. The Queen knew, then as always, that precisely the converse is what is appreciated, and it was in Imperial purple and ermine with Crowns upon their heads that, high above from a great overhanging balcony the King and Queen watched with evident eagerness and applauded with fervour, the people's sport. The result was as remarkable as it was instantaneous ; there was a great upward surge of dark arms in salute and a great shout of acclaim rent the air until the King and Queen passed to two Thrones on the ramparts in order to come more entirely within view, thereupon hour after hour the people filed past them until with the sunset came their rather unwilling return to camp.

Then, two days later, came the great Review of the troops, when 40,000 British and Indian, horse, foot and gun, swept through complicated movements, perfectly timed until it came for the gallop past of the cavalry. Here the excitement of the moment proved too much, and regiment after regiment, trying to set up a record for speed, first swept aside its own mounted band, and



Daily Mirror

THE DELHI DURBAR, 1911



Daily Mirror

THE KING AND QUEEN
at the Order of the Garter Service at Windsor Castle in 1913

FIRE

then dashed into the rear of the native regiment in front of it with a good deal of confusion, but little damage, to gallant corps. There is some reason to think that the Queen's own memory of that day may centre on the little Maharajah of Bahawal who, a tiny figure on a great war camel, led his own regiment of bearded warriors past the King and herself, his baby arm clutching a toy sword extended in a perfect salute.

Disaster very nearly waited on the great function of the Investiture held in a tent outside the so-called King's House originally intended for the Coronation Durbar of 1902. This was a really brilliant and picturesque affair, the lines of guests and Chiefs in all colours of the rainbow coming up singly to be invested with the Star of India ; the Queen-Empress, in her favourite pale blue, being the first candidate to kneel before the King-Emperor to receive the Award. While this was going on a shout of "Fire" was suddenly heard, followed by alarm whistles ; the electric lights flickered and for a moment was threatened a stampede in the dark when an authoritative voice called out "Sit down". Both King and Queen were to show clear proof of their pedigree ; it is difficult to fix the exact point when disregard of danger gives way to physical courage in presence of danger itself, but to whichever of these qualities their demeanour was due, suffice it to remember that the Queen sat motionless and apparently unconcerned while the King continued to

QUEEN MARY

pin Stars on breasts and tie Ribbons on shoulders as if he were within the safety of his own Palace walls. What had really happened was that the tent allotted to Lord Crewe's Private Secretary, a hundred yards away, caught fire, and had not the fire pickets promptly cut down the intervening tents to prevent the conflagration spreading, three or four thousand people, including the King and Queen themselves, might have lost their lives.

It had all "gone" very well and it now only remained to lay the twin Foundation Stones of the new capital city of Delhi and bid good-bye to the old town ; then the King was free to repair to Nepal, there to enjoy ten days' big game shooting, while the Queen travelled to Agra to revel in a rich feast of sightseeing, but to remark, with just a little tinge of sadness, that it was the first Christmas she had spent away from the King.

The parting was not long as they met at Bankipur on the evening of the 29th of December to reach Calcutta the following noon. Function, feast and frolic were of course the order of the day in the old capital and the week was rather uncomfortably busy, but the Queen was able to refresh her memory of what she had read up by a magnificent pageant representing, with an accuracy not always to be found in pageants at home, the history of India. At the close of the show the King and Queen drove very slowly along the great ring and so close up to it as to be

CALCUTTA

for some time in full view of a huge concourse grouped in a semi-circle. It was one of their own happy thoughts and the people did justice to it. There was no attempt to throng or rush the carriage although there was every opportunity of doing so ; all eyes were fixed on its occupants until the cortège had finally moved off, when the swarm of people as one man tore across the open sward, pierced through the line of soldiers, and catching up the earth which had been Royally trodden, pressed it in homage to their brows.

Under a final salute of 101 guns from the ramparts of Fort William, King George and Queen Mary left Calcutta for Bombay on the 8th of December, and perhaps their last recollections of the tour would be the tears streaming down the face of the Maharajah of Scindia and old Sir Pertab Singh stammering out that he was growing an old man but that everything he possessed was at the service of the King-Emperor and his Queen-Consort.

After a week's steaming across a quiet blue Indian Ocean with the band playing twice a day—generally the same tunes of which the King's favourite was “In the Shadows”—the *Medina* halted beside the quay of Port Soudan. Here were to be found Kitchener and Slatin Pasha ready to “conduct personally” a trip to Sinkat for a Durbar of native Arab Sheikhs with a Review and a Parade, the Parade including a war dance of Dinkas,

QUEEN MARY

wild black folk, their hair dressed in curious fashion, who danced exceedingly well but were clothed exceedingly little. For once the Red Sea was actually chilly and the Canal, pierced by a shrewd north wind, claimed electric radiators and greatcoats ; there were some "shivery" hours before the arrival of the *Medina* on the 23rd January in Malta Harbour, where was found the French Fleet. For the first time since the island had been in British hands, there had been landed an armed force of French bluejackets, who moved with the light jaunty step for which the *poilu* is famed but with which Marshal Foch contrasted very favourably the pace of the British infantry in attack.

Functions again of course at Malta but what pleased the Queen most were the lovely tapestries and silver vessels at the Cathedral : perhaps what amused her most was an incident at the State dinner when a Maltese lady, anxious to carry away her Menu as a souvenir, and having tried in vain to get it down the front of her corsage, asked her neighbour if he would kindly put it down her back.

The violence of the sea had been responsible for shortening the ceremonies at Gibraltar on the way out ; the same ill-luck attended the fortress on the way home, for the news had come that the Duke of Fife had died on board his dahabeeyah on the Nile. "Macduff" had been a friend of the King and Queen from their earliest

SINKAT

childhood as well as a relative by marriage, and his death cast a shadow over the arrival at Spithead, where Queen Alexandra, in deep mourning, was ready to meet the travellers, and a feeling of melancholy even stole over the Thanksgiving Service for which every corner of St. Paul's Cathedral was thronged.

CHAPTER XIV

BERLIN AND PARIS

THREE million roses sounds a staggering figure but the wealth of bloom fully justified itself when, on the 1st of July, the King and Queen paid a signal compliment to the art of the Variety Theatre, raised "Variety" to its proper status and dissipated any of the old depreciation attaching to the old Music Hall. The scene was the Palace Theatre, the object was to replenish the coffers of the Music Hall Benevolent Fund and, if the programme were representative, the audience had no doubt that the King and Queen (the latter resplendent in gold brocade) richly enjoyed Mr. Harry Tate's difficulties with a motor and Mr. George Robey's portrait of the Mayor of Mundrumdyke.

And a short week later there was to be another, but graver opportunity, for contact with the people. The King and Queen were on a visit to Wentworth, a huge country house where the Earls of Fitzwilliam were at one time accustomed once a week to entertain anyone belonging to the County who chose to put in an appearance for dinner. They had just returned to the

CADEBY COLLIERY

house after a long day's tour in the mining district to find the news of the terrible explosion at Cadeby Colliery ; there was no question of sending a message of inquiry ; back they got into their motors and drove eighteen miles to the Colliery offices to see if there was anything to do or say to relieve the injured and console the bereaved. For over an hour they remained on the spot and it was noticed that as the full story of the tragedy was unfolded tears were streaming down the cheeks of a Queen whose usual self-control is proverbial. No wonder that the next day, whether on the road to Wakefield or when they entered a miner's cottage and asked Mrs. William Brown if they might " look round " (Queen Mary has always had a penchant for " looking round " cottages, sometimes with admiration, sometimes with practical suggestions) their reception had the real ring of loyal affection. No wonder that at Stairport the glass-blowers sang their refrain :

Kind, kind and gentle is she,
Kind is my Mary.

Although she has never intruded by a step into the arena of international politics, Queen Mary may never have forgotten the dislike of all that stands for " Prussianism " with which she was early infected ; she had been taught to consider the seizure of Hanover,

QUEEN MARY

where her mother had been born, and Hesse-Cassel, her grandmother's home, as little else than robbery. She must have known what a constant thorn in King Edward's side was the Kaiser and she may possibly have heard the Kaiserin's ill-timed remark, on the eve of a visit to Windsor, about her dislike of Queen Alexandra's beloved Denmark. But circumstances had thrown her very little with her German cousins and except, for instance, when Prince Henry may have claimed hospitality while making his remarkable motor tour, she had seen very little of them. She had helped to entertain at Buckingham Palace the Kaiser and Kaiserin for the unveiling of the statue of Queen Victoria in 1911 and had done her utmost to make the visit "go off" well from every angle of view ; how little she thought then that the next proposal for a visit from the All Highest would be when an exuberant Prime Minister made the bright, if not very practical, suggestion that the Emperor should be brought over as a prisoner of war and tried for his war guilt.

But when, early in 1913, the invitation came to attend the wedding at Berlin between the only surviving son of the Duke of Cumberland and the Kaiser's only daughter, she had no hesitation in agreeing that it should be accepted. It may well have crossed her mind that with a genuine love-match there would be set a term to a tedious feud between Guelphs and Hohenzollerns, and

BERLIN

a peace-loving Queen may have felt it to be within just surmise that the presence of King George and Czar Nicholas, another *invitt* in the German capital, might go some little way to promote peace in Europe.

The King and Queen with a large suite reached Berlin on the 21st of May and while the King had to submit to the osculation which his cousin was prone to offer, the ladies present may have contrasted the Queen's dress of delicate pale blue with the more striking green adopted by the Empress. Only ordinary police arrangements were necessary for the advent of the King and Queen of England whom no rude hands have ever threatened, but the whole length of the line over which the Czar of Russia travelled the next day from the frontier was watched by the military ; the roads and paths leading to the railway were closed, while a large staff of Russian secret police agents accompanied their Imperial Master.

Some rather ineffective races, a State Dinner and a Wedding Banquet preceded the wedding itself, which took place on the 25th at the uncanonical hour of 5 p.m. The real wedding dinner was served in the Rittersaal ; the Kaiser had scarcely swallowed his soup before he rose to deliver a lengthy speech in which he enjoined the newly-married couple to conduct their home in the "old simple German ways".

Queen Mary has always been from girlhood a "natural" dancer and in country house revels would

QUEEN MARY

be the first to pick up new steps, but she may have been justifiably bewildered by the mazes of the *Fackeltanz*. The company watched the bride and bridegroom come into the centre and march round the room while the band played a Polonaise ; the bride then danced with her father on one side and her father-in-law on the other, the bridegroom handing the Empress and the Duchess of Cumberland. The Czar and King George then danced with the bride and Queen Mary and the Crown Princess of Germany with the bridegroom ; then it behoved the bride and bridegroom to pirouette with the whole company of Princes and Princesses and the solemn, if rather drawn-out, exercises concluded, there came the distribution of pieces of the bride's garter bearing the arms of the bridal pair.

But the All Highest wanted to show of what stuff the *élite* of his troops was made and the annual Review of the troops of the Potsdam Garrison was put forward so that, on the parade ground before the Stadt-Schloss, the Kaiser might lead the Imperial Guard past the King. The visit to Berlin was well worth the toil and trouble if only because it gave the Queen an opportunity to pay a visit, which proved to be her last, to the (now Dowager) Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg at Strelitz.

The King and Queen having been received by their cousins, the reigning Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg, passed from the station to the castle through

MANŒUVRES

a lane of troops and schoolchildren and there must linger in the Queen's memory the two happy hours with a long talk of the old days with the aunt who, so far as she could, had sought to make good the irreparable loss of a mother. The Grand Duchess was now in her ninety-third year and there was in store for her a bitter close to a long life when only with difficulty, and through the intervention of the Crown Princess of Sweden,¹ could she communicate with her adored niece and when her only consolation in the country of her adoption was—so far as she was allowed—to carry comforts to the prisoners who had fought and bled to defend the cause of the country of her birth.

The whole visit had passed off very well and there was nothing to conflict with the Kaiser's quite genuine desire to do honour and give pleasure to his guests ; the only untoward incident was that at the exhibition of wedding presents in the *Kunstgewerbemuseum*, the crowd was so mishandled by the police that a great number of women fainted and a good many of the visitors saw very little of the magnificent display. The last act of Queen Mary before repairing to the station where her host and hostess had assembled to bid the King and herself farewell, was to send a quantity of the finest flowers procurable to the Children's Hospital associated with the name of the Empress Frederick.

¹ Princess Margaret, eldest daughter of the Duke of Connaught.

QUEEN MARY

In the course of the summer the Queen heard from the King that the September manœuvres were to represent a sort of set plan to test the various formations with all their marching and carrying, as well as fighting, capabilities. She was so anxious to see them that it was arranged for her to accompany the King to Althorp where, as the guests of Lord Spencer, they would be close to the manœuvring area. Her interest was so keen and her enjoyment so thorough, that she then and there determined to attend the manœuvres the following year, when Colonel John Davidson¹ was to be detailed to act as her guide and instructor. But long before the year was over a frenzied patriot had fired a pistol in a back street in Bosnia and six white nations were standing to arms.

In July the President of the French Republic, M. Poincaré, paid a State visit to London. At the Guildhall he made one of his finest oratorical efforts, and thereby did a good deal to deepen the *Entente* which was soon to become a real and grim reality, and he left behind him an excellent impression of how a highly educated Frenchman can combine inflexible uprightness with the most polished courtesy. Whatever he went he made friends and his only disappointment was that his ignorance of a Quadrille prevented him from partnering the

¹ Afterwards Major-General Sir John Davidson, Director of Military Operations in France.

PARIS IN STATE

Queen at a Court Ball where, as he ruefully admitted, his not very well-cut evening coat contrasted somewhat drably with the blaze of uniform. The visit of course demanded reciprocity, and on a beautiful spring morning, the 21st of April, 1914, the King and Queen arrived at the little Porte Dauphine Station to drive along the Avenues of the Bois de Boulogne and the Champs Élysées to the apartments prepared for them at the Quai d'Orsay. The King wearing his Admiral's uniform, had the President by his side in the *calèche Présidentielle*, drawn by four black horses, the modesty of which as compared with the superb turn-out of the Royal carriages in London, M. Poincaré was quick to confess. In a second carriage, Madame Poincaré by her side, came the Queen, at first evidently a little shy with the lady who was a total stranger but of whose wifely devotion and unassuming manners, she had heard much ; nor could she be less than delighted with the *accueil* in which something of surprise mingled with admiration, and it was no less fervent than that accorded to the King.

Sixty years earlier when Queen Victoria drove through Paris with the Empress Eugénie, then in the full flush of her triumphant beauty, there were those in the crowds to murmur : “*Une belle femme, et une reine à côté*”. Now all along the road and from under the chestnut trees of the Bois there was heard a feminine chorus : “*Qu'elle jolie toilette ! Qu'elle est belle la Reine d'Angleterre ! C'est*

QUEEN MARY

le Printemps même". The last note was an allusion to the pale blue crêpe de soie dress, just open in the front sufficiently to show a superb rope of pearls and a hat with a trimming of ostrich plumes, shading from the tone of the robe to a bluish white. As Queen Mary sat tall and erect, but bowing from side to side, she made a picture not the less striking because it contrasted with Madame la Présidente who had modestly chosen a simple dress of grey cloth.

The banquet that evening was given in the great Salles des Fêtes, where the Queen's eye must have rested with delight on the superb Gobelins, though she may have shuddered over the hideous mural decorations and the cruelly ornamented ceiling. But the banquet itself was a complete success and ever again the King and Queen (the latter in irreproachable idiomatic French) referred again and again to their delight in the almost startling welcome they had just received. The British Colony claimed attention at the British Embassy next morning and had certainly no cause for complaint as to the kindness they almost individually received from a very British King and Queen who, after meeting a few intimate friends, at the Marquis de Breteuil, drove to the Review at Vincennes.

The British Embassy being British soil the King and Queen were the host and hostess at the dinner that evening and while it was in progress, every street in

THE GRAND OPERA

the centre of Paris was blocked with motor cars and carriages conveying all that was distinguished in Paris, under dazzling illuminations, to the Opera. Here the Queen, who knows her French history backwards and forwards, was delighted with a survival of a custom dating from Louis XIV ; two footmen, bearing chains of office, walked backwards with unruffled dignity bearing five-branched silver candelabra which lighted the way for the guests of honour to the Royal Salon. To the programme the audience paid little attention, all eyes being fixed, in defiance of etiquette, on the occupants of the Presidential Box from which the Queen in her jewels shone out like a star. Perhaps, however, her great moment was when, on leaving the box at the end of the performance, she stood at the top of the Grand Staircase, superb in cloth of gold in two shades and wearing her great jewels as she alone perhaps can wear them. Groups of hardened Parisians were gathered at the foot of the staircase and a great buzz of irrepressible admiration went out to permeate the whole house and to find its echo among the spectators assembled at the gates of the Opera House.

It was the same story the next day, at Auteuil, as they appeared on the balcony of the tribune, and were greeted with frenzied salutations of "*Vive le Roi ! Vive la Reine !*" Here again the Queen scored another distinct feminine success ; her fuchsia-coloured dress,

QUEEN MARY

the high-necked band which she specially affected, her wonderful pearls, the ostrich plumes which garnished her hat, were all the subjects of excited discussion, and one fair observer after another was heard to murmur : “*Elle a beaucoup de dignité, elle a son chic à elle*”.

To meet them at tea were invited among others, Madame Waddington, who, as French Ambassadress, had been a close friend of the Duchess of Teck, and the Duchesse d’Uzes ; the Queen could scarcely repress the remark that a few years earlier imagination might have boggled at the idea of a Royalist Duchess, the mother of two other Royalist Duchesses, sipping her tea alongside the wife of the President of the Republic. Towards noon the next day, the President and his wife called for their guests and escorted them, all smiles, along the Rue Constantin to the Gare des Invalides ; here the enthusiasm of the British Colony by no means outdid that of the French folk who thronged the precincts of the platform to wave a last greeting to the King and Queen who, in four short days, had not only achieved a great official success but a measure of personal popularity which, through the long dark years which were to follow, Paris never forgot.

CHAPTER XV

QUEEN MARY AND ART

IT has been a frequent, if not very fruitful, exercise to draw parallels between the Consort of King George V and those of other European monarchs ; one *soi disant* student has been stirred to institute a pleasing analogy between Queen Mary and Marie Feodorowna, wife of Paul I and herself born a Princess of Würtemberg. “Tall and stately, glowing with youth ‘*taille de nymphe, un teint de lys et de rose*’ (as Catherine who had ruthlessly engineered the marriage described her) gentle and submissive, an excellent housekeeper, loving simple life and occupation and blessed with a great gift for art and embroidery she gave much of her time to benevolent and educational works ; she persuaded her husband to beautify their domains with all the treasure she had eagerly collected, priceless furniture, porcelain, tapestry and costly books.” So ran (so far as the present writer can remember) the eulogy of a princess,¹ who could make herself feared as well as loved and if there is

¹ Waliszewsky wrote : “Elle cultiva les arts, tous les arts avec ferveur ; mère aimante et dévouée, elle fut la terreur de ses enfants et pour ses filles mariées un séjour à Pavlovsk devenait la plus redoutable des épreuves”.

QUEEN MARY

something to be said for looking on this picture and on that, the "something" must not of course be stretched too far.

Method, as interpreted by the dictionary, is "the way of doing anything according to a defined and regular plan", and however far Marie Feodorowna was actuated by it, method has surely underlined with red pencil everything that can be attributed to Queen Mary from the superintendence of a Court Function to the choosing of a child's Christmas present.

It sounds a little strange but it is irrefutably true that the Queen of today who lives and moves and has her being at the very centre of all important happenings, has less direct influence over what journalists rather irritatingly style "Court and Society" than had Queen Victoria, who for forty years remained austere aloof anyhow from the latter. The reason is not far to seek and only circumstance is to blame. Queen Victoria's hospitality was large although she never adorned her entertainments with her presence and those who were not invited to Buckingham Palace were regarded, if they were regarded at all, as being definitely outside a fairly large but by no means elastic circle; not the slightest slur attached to them but they simply did not receive, nor expect any mandate from the Lord Chamberlain. As regards the present reign the Coronation Year was too heavily studded with public events to allow of any

THE COURT

Royal entertainments of a quasi private character, but on their return from India the King and Queen definitely ruled—as did their immediate predecessors—the social days and nights and to be or not to be their guests was a grave question. And the *Corps Diplomatique*, that most important body, have always been forward to say, how prompt, as well as gracious, is the reception which Queen Mary accords to *Chefs de Mission* and their wives. But with the end of the War and the apotheosis of a large number of people concerned in it, Society (again the odious word intrudes itself) became so swollen as to be almost unrecognisable. The huge congeries which were to replace a once quite clear and defined “set” (another irrepressible word) could no longer be controlled by Court influence and its very bulk caused it to drift away from its former anchorage. But standing, as it does, always in the public view, the Court itself, that innermost core of all that is dignified in the whole social system, would now as much, if not more than ever, justify Ben Jonson in declaring that: “A virtuous court a world to virtue draws”; and if at any time or in any capital of Europe the monarchial principle should reassert itself, the Court, over which Queen Mary presides and under whose shadow British folk live, would surely be cited as a model. And if quick touch has been lost with a certain section of the party who, to their honour, can no longer be alluded to as “leisured”,

QUEEN MARY

Queen Mary's influence over a vast range of the Sovereign's subjects is infinitely greater than can be traced to any of her predecessors. To the masses, not only up and down the country but in the Dominions across the seas, she stands, not only as a model of royal dignity, but as the embodiment of all that is best—and how good that is—in English womanhood. Her works of benevolence are multiform and to the reader of newspapers must seem to multiply almost with every successive month ; but the relief she extends with generous hands to individual needs is no more haphazard, or even impulsive, than is the association of her name with organised good works, an association which is an asset of incalculable value for those who enjoy it.

Caritas may " constrain " but the Queen's *caritas* is directed by a clear cool head, with something of the masculine in its logic, no less than by a woman's warm heart. Some of the philanthropic institutions which bear the honoured name, Queen Mary Hospitals and Hostels and so forth, have moved on fairly level lines ; some can record a sharp ascent, few if any have suffered any sort of decline. Just as the Boy Scouts, now running into seven figures, originated in a brief experiment of the founder with half a dozen eager lads, so the Needle-work Guild, born of a conclave in Lady Wolverton's drawing-room at Coombe, with the Duchess of Teck and her daughter as her consultants, enjoyed

SHOPPING

towards the close of the War a membership of 1,078,839 workers.

Stories of Queen Mary's insight into domestic affairs other than her own are always succulent journalistic "copy", even if many of them possess but little real substance. One of Sir Arthur Pinero's happiest plays bore the title *His House in Order*, and certainly as regards home affairs, whether a castle or a cottage be in question, a house in order has been Queen Mary's motto; her advice on all that is relevant to domesticity is sound largely because it is always simple, and where it can be rightly bestowed it is given in person, often at the cost of some fatigue and trouble, whether the recipients be her children, her nephews and nieces, or the friend whose home she honours with a call or the dwellers in humble homes whom she likes to visit but on whom she never intrudes. The distresses of a duchess and the laments of a laundress are equally sure to evoke sympathy of a practical character, but the sympathy always stops short at anything that might be construed into interference. So with the shopping expeditions to which Queens hitherto have been strangers. Queen Mary shops less from curiosity than because she wants to choose for herself and she knows quite well that in these days of "Stores" no purveyor, however deferential or eager to please, can display elsewhere than on his premises the

QUEEN MARY

variety of goods from which a wise selection can be made.

The same knowledge of what is right and wrong has been the hall-mark of the decorative side of domestic work, domestic work which the public are largely invited to witness and for which Queen Mary has placed posterity under a heavy debt of gratitude. After the demise of Queen Victoria, Buckingham Palace was put through a drastic overhauling and spring cleaning and much that was valuable was dragged from dusty hiding places and duly set out ; but there was perhaps absent that expert knowledge of the history and value of works of art of which unmistakable traces can now be found wherever it may be the " pleasure " of King George and Queen Mary to lodge. Queen Alexandra loved all Nature's best gifts and to live in the midst of fragrant flowers and of all that pleases the eye ; but the actual worth of her possessions made no appeal to her. No lady in the land knows better than Queen Mary how to distribute and display the treasures, whether her own or those of others, which come under her control or as to which her counsel is sought. Most certainly she has done more for the Royal collection than any combination of those who have gone before her ; if access to royal residences be accorded him, the privileged globe trotter would surely say that no palace in the world exceeds, if it even rivals, in historic interest, real beauty and perfect

GEORGE IV

order the palaces whose contents it has been so largely hers to discover, discuss and arrange to the highest advantage. Every interior which has come under her care or supervision can claim that pictures, porcelain, tapestry, bronzes are not only superb in themselves but enjoy the most perfect relation with one another. It must have been a poignant reflection for an expert needlewoman and a thoughtful student of tapestry when she came to know that of the two thousand examples Henry VIII is known to have amassed at Hampton Court a very large number have perished, some at the rude hands of Cromwell's myrmidons, some from scarcely less shameful neglect.

Queen Victoria was trained as a girl to avert her eyes from her paternal uncles and to fix them with admiration on her uncle Leopold of the Belgians. There has lately been a quite justifiable attempt to rehabilitate in some degree the sons of George III in public esteem and Queen Mary has probably been the first to admit that George IV was an energetic collector with no little discrimination for what is really good ; she may have been able to agree that her great uncle's flair was derived in equal parts from Charles I and Caroline of Anspach and she bears constant witness to what he did to preserve Windsor Castle from decay and to add to the architectural beauty of London. Her own special period is said to range from William and Mary to late in the Regency and her

QUEEN MARY

special delight in furniture centres on what is English, while, like all connoisseurs of china, with each passing year she leans more and more to the Oriental. What must have been her satisfaction not long ago when on the top of a cupboard in Buckingham Palace a famous art expert espied a pair of birds and asked if they might be brought down for inspection. The inspection resulted in a certainty that the birds were of greatest value which dust had done no little to conceal. The right process of restoration was anxiously inquired into and the requisite "vim" being forthcoming the Queen joyfully addressed herself to the task of restoring to the treasures their original bloom and beauty.

The zest of the collector carries the Queen not only to the sale rooms of Christies (where a really "private view" is accorded to her) or to the treasure house which is its immediate *vis-à-vis* in King Street, but into the numerous small antique shops whether in the Capital or in provincial towns. It happened one afternoon that the proprietor of one of these noticed four mysterious and not entirely trustworthy looking gentry debouch from a taxi and station themselves on the pavement opposite his shop. The car was followed by another and to his alarm four positive desperadoes took post at his very portals. He was a little reassured to notice that these were in turn followed by large

ART COLLECTIONS

individuals bearing the stamp of Scotland Yard. After a period of waiting a limousine drew into the pavement, and he found himself bowing to a very gracious lady, consort of a European monarch: she completed her shopping and departed with as many precautions as had accompanied her arrival. Then, when the tumult died, a long Daimler car drew up, and without any terrifying accompaniment or the least trace of concealed firearms, Her Majesty of England entered the shop.

And a kindly action is often enveloped in a delicious search. It happened quite recently that in that famous temple of art neighbouring the St. James's Theatre, the Queen noticed a Paisley shawl which, it was explained to her, was merely there to drape an ugly box. On further inquiry it transpired that the Paisley shawl, which happened to match one in her own possession, was the property of a taxi driver who had fallen on bad days; what was its extreme value was the question asked, and the figure having been quoted a cheque was forwarded to the owner with an explanation as to who was the purchaser, which gave the vendor the moment of his life.

But the character, no less than the contents of a house is of cardinal importance to the Queen whose own character is the key to all she says and does; for this reason Queen Mary insisted when restoring the old apartments in Kensington Palace to invest them with

QUEEN MARY

that Victorianism which, perhaps largely owing to her own efforts here, is ceasing to be a term of reproach among the young generation. But if the Queen gives rein to a love of all that is good and beautiful and of good report in one department of art nothing is more characteristic of her than the determination with which she will address herself to its other issues. Of pictures it might not be amiss to suggest that her interest in them lies rather in all the history which attaches to them than in their purely technical merits, but, with every exhibition she visits she takes away some further knowledge of—and gets further insight into—the efforts anyhow of contemporary artists. With these she is always willing to discuss all that she learnt in the far-off days in Florence, or when on a visit to her aunt at Kep Schloss she could spend a happy hour in the Galleries of Dresden. For Queen Mary is a constant learner whose whole life may be said to have fallen into a series of preparatory schools, and, like all apt pupils, she is one of those who regards the lesson learned today as chiefly valuable not for itself, but as a preparation for the lesson to be studied tomorrow. Music, anyhow classic music, has no absorbing attraction for her although there are one or two who have listened, in days long past, to a very sweet voice trained, and accompanied, by that arch trainer and accompanist, Paolo Tosti; but if her presence at a concert, however severe, is rightly

PICTURES AND MUSIC

needed she will yield to no one in riveted attention on every note uttered.

“Beauty”, says Ruskin, “stands on a high hill”, and certainly many paths lead up it. In the pursuit of beauty there has been no more assiduous and ardent climber than Queen Mary and in the long but delightful ascent which *Laus Deo*, is likely to be protracted for many a year—there has been no looking back and very little going aside to rest.

CHAPTER XVI

THE WAR

The earth is full of anger
The Seas are dark with wrath,
The nations in their harness,
Go up against our path.
Ere yet we loose the Legions
Ere yet we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles aid.

If at home in 1914 Irish troubles were thick, the European sky was wholly serene until there suddenly appeared the dark midsummer cloud, attracting scant attention for the moment but which was to prove the presage of a tempest of blood and fire. On the 28th June the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his Consort were murdered at Serajevo. The unhappy Prince numbered the King and Queen—the latter now having many happy links with Austria—among his intimate friends in England ; a Court Ball was postponed but few people even at the Court realised the political importance of the crime, and Serajevo itself may have taxed their geographical knowledge. But within a week Austria levelled a pistol at Serbia, Germany laid a powerful

AUGUST 4th

finger on the trigger, and it was soon obvious that if the firearm were aimed at a petty State, it was intended that the bullet should eventually penetrate the breast of Britain. The breach between England and Germany became definitive on the 4th of August, and a leading German journal was inspired to write, with perfect truth:

“ We have taken the field against Russia and France, but at bottom it is England we are fighting everywhere ”.

It is not within public knowledge, nor does it lie within just surmise, whether Queen Mary was at first disposed to endorse Kitchener’s view that the War would last three years if Russia should remain in the field, and a further year if that ally were to back out, or whether she was tempted to accept the rosier assurances of the Commander-in-Chief in the Field, that he would register a decision within a few months. Secret reports of operations were of course furnished daily, or oftener, to the King, and in the King’s absence, anyhow during Lord Kitchener’s tenure of office, War Office news would be dispatched in the double envelope to the Queen, who was therefore in a position to form her own judgment. It is possible, however, to think that the sterner thought was burnt into her when directly after the heroic Retreat from Mons the Secretary of State begged her to let him have 200,000 sweaters, and the same

QUEEN MARY

number of pairs of socks within two months. The request, startling as it at first sounded, was but a drop in the sea of requirements which the Queen, at the head of an ever swelling cohort of women, set herself to supply. Even before the first shot was fired she had begun, as she said, “to get ready” and readiness, the result of a perfectly ordered mind, fortified by an unfailing memory, marked the response to every demand, whether national or individual, which, through four long years of toil and agony, was to be submitted to her. Everyone of course was busy, and everyone’s purse was open, but there was at first some frittering away of resources, and the Queen rightly feared that the streams of Benevolence might with the passage of months—or years—run dry, unless all efforts, and especially the efforts of women, should be ordered and used to really substantial advantage. Her own house was quickly set in order, and there was instituted a kindly form of martial law, to be observed by the Sovereign no less than the scullery-maid. Luxuries were at once cut off, comforts gradually curtailed, and teetotalism eventually enforced ; there was to be no inconvenience or privation which the King and Queen would not share with every family in England. The same discipline was the *mot d’ordre* at St. James’s Palace, Friary Court being turned, with the King’s whole approval, into a sort of clearing-house for the tens of thousands of parcels which poured in from



Feb : 19,
1915

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

Dear Sir George

I have 2 lines to say that
I have 3. tables at Trinity
Court, St James' Palace
waiting to go to the new
Convalescent Home for Officers
at Cirencester which is called
after me - Please let

Lady Lowry had as soon as
a suitable messenger is found
who may tell them.

Ever yours very sincerely

Mary

QUEEN MARY

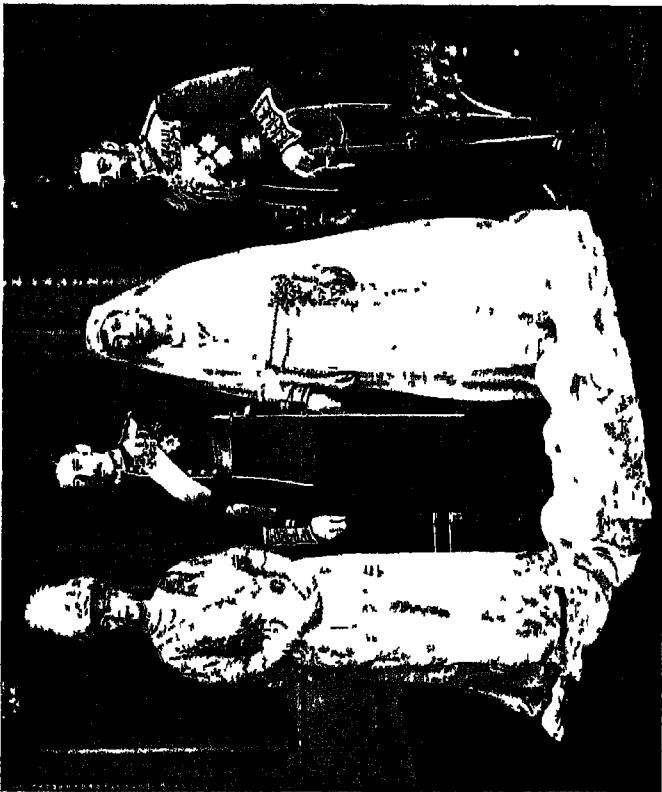
every corner of the Empire; the same discipline permeated the feminine armies the Queen enlisted to work (and to work with as little talk as possible) for the men who were being daily poured into the firing line. And apart from the real value of women's labour, the Queen knew that work was the best, perhaps the only, anode for a woman's aching heart. "So glad your poor sister is working in my hut at Boulogne, I will see she gets cigarettes and books, etc., and will send them through the Y.M.C.A. in London unless you think she would like to have them straight from me, in which case may I send them to you to forward them. Please let me know which is best." So ran a note to a friend who had lost her only boy (that holocaust of only boys!) in the fight at Neuve Chapelle.

The Queen's influence was, of course, incessantly invoked by mothers and wives for some favour to be shown to a fighting soldier, but, however regrettably, she would rightly decline to interfere with a routine which had to be rigid; rumour however ran that partly owing to her plea a rule was established by which if two sons in a family had been killed, the others should be kept, if possible, behind the line. And if, in God's goodness Queen Mary was not to taste of a mother's bitter sorrow, she was to have all a mother's poignant anxiety for "a boy at the front". Her own eldest boy had no secrets from her, and she knew well of the soldier's blood which



London News Agency

DURING THE GREAT WAR
The King and Queen visiting wounded soldiers



Vanabéke
AT THE WEDDING OF PRINCESS MARY AND VISCOUNT LASCELLES
Left to right — The Queen, Viscount Lascelles, Princess Mary, The King

MOTHER AND SON

coursed hotly in his veins. “The Prince of Wales came into the Queen’s room while I was there, and when she went out for a minute he implored me to help him get him out with his Battalion, but Lord K. is sure that until we have a settled line he must not go ; he is not so much afraid of the Prince of Wales being shot as of the far greater danger, from a military point of view, of his being taken prisoner.”¹ Kitchener was as good as his word ; on the 11th of November, 1914, with the repulse of the Imperial Guard the front line of the British Army, however slender, was stable, and within a week the Prince of Wales was on his way to the Commander-in-Chief’s headquarters. And his duties scarcely less than his inclination were to place him day by day in the further danger zone ; with the Guards Division the boy Prince bore his full part in the fearful struggle of Passchendaele, which Haig must fight while his allies were being made ready again for battle. And a mother, who was a mother no less than she was a Queen, through all those sixty days, could only remember that :

When the burning moment breaks,
And all things else are out of mind,
And only joy of battle takes
Him by the throat and makes him blind.
Through joy and blindness he shall know,
Not caring much to know, that still
Nor lead nor steel, shall reach him so
That it be not the Destined Will.

¹ Private letter.

QUEEN MARY

But there were moments when the Queen would show that she was Queen. In the autumn of 1915, when the King was lying bruised and injured in France, Joffre came over to plead in his creamiest, and most impressive, tones for the Salonika Expedition, but by some faulty bit of Staff work the *Generalissimo* was being allowed to depart without an invitation to the Palace ; only just in time was Queen Mary apprised of this to insist that she must have a few words with the Soldier of France, and send through him a message to his fair country, and to the men who were bleeding to save her. And in the summer of 1917 the King asked if she would go with him to France ; he himself would lodge at Cassel, where Plumer, with the Second Army, had his headquarters, while the Commander-in-Chief's house at Montreuil would be at her disposal. She would come up as far as Blendecques, Haig's advanced headquarters, and at Visitors' Château near Fruges, she would meet the King and Queen of the Belgians, and her youngest brother could come there from the Belgian Headquarters to spend a few hours with her. The rest of the time would be devoted to the Hospitals, and, so as to make as complete a survey as possible, the last part would be spent at Rouen. The Queen gladly agreed ; she had no wish to go anywhere where her presence might be of the slightest inconvenience, or might hinder by a minute, the grave work of the War ; she had heard with horror

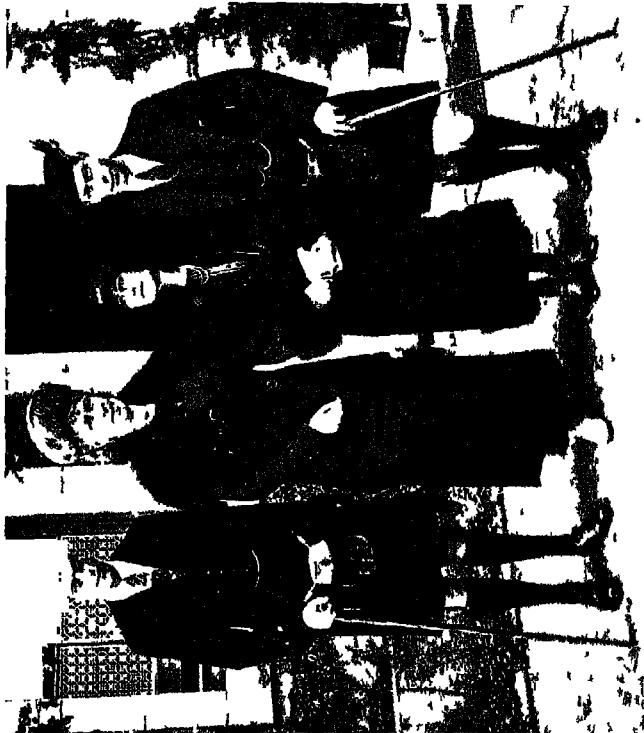
THE WAR

of some of the joy rides which privileged visitors to the Front had managed to secure ; she had heard that some of these had found their way to advance posts with immunity to themselves, but often with consequent damage to the men who had to remain there. Her's was to be a selfless tour, wholly unostentatious, essentially womanly. One wonders if Queen Mary ever envied Lord Kitchener his motto "Thorough"; anyhow it is the label which she has fastened on all her life, and certainly the label she attached to her errand of mercy in the theatre of War. In her visits to the wounded, often desperately wounded, men, as she was brought up face-to-face with the mystery of intense, and, in a sense, innocent suffering she shirked nothing and shrank from nothing. Her face and figure were, of course, familiar in many hospitals at home, but the patients there had for the most part made some little way towards, anyhow partial, recovery. Now she saw something of war at its ugliest, the real savour of the riot of blood reached her ; men with tortured limbs and burning eyes, men wasted with pain almost to skeletons, men gasping out their lives, victims of a German device, which the very dervishes of the desert might have scorned to introduce. There were some, of course, to whom she could bring kindly words of good cheer and promises to let their people at home know how they were getting on ; there were men who were counting

QUEEN MARY

the days for Blighty, men on whom surgical skill, and tender nursing had wrought almost unbelievable results, but there were many for whom she could do so little, who could scarcely hear the whispered words, or catch the sympathy welling from her eyes. It was all so ghastly, and it must have seemed to her the more so, because it was so inexplicable ; and as she looked on that hideous, useless, sum of human suffering, and realised how helpless she, or anybody else, was to help, there may well have been in her heart, if not on her lips, the cry of God's greatest Sufferer Himself, " My God, My God. Why ? "

The critical days of 1918 were over and the enemy had begun to realise that " Gott " was not " mit uns ", so that the Silver Wedding could be quietly celebrated on the 6th of July without the gnawing suspense which had pervaded the spring months ; the King and Queen of the Belgians flew over from La Panne, and alighted, as it was said, like two silver birds for the service at St. Paul's ; there were a few hours of real happiness, and the whisper may have gone round that the hour was at hand when Foch would start his giant stride forward. And with all she knew of the actualities of war the Queen might hear with dismay of a memorandum drafted that August, setting out a plan by which no term would be set to the grim struggle till the following July ; but then she might hear with eager satisfaction of



Central Press

AT BALMORAL
Left to right — Prince George, The Queen, The Duchess of York,
The Duke of York

Left to right — Prince George, The Queen, The Duchess of York,
The Duke of York



Central Press

THE KING AND QUEEN AT ETON COLLEGE

VICTORY

Haig's vow—registered with very tepid encouragement from Downing Street—that he would find victory before the autumn sun should set.

But victory when it came, spelt no finish to women's work ; no one was more quick than the Queen to recognise that with the so-called peace the empty places would seem a little emptier and the silent rooms more silent, that suffering and sickness were still stalking among the men whose bodies were worn by the War their souls had won. Her appeal to the women of the Empire that they should continue the sisterhood of service and sacrifice was not only to be caught up and promptly acted upon ; it was to echo down the years and to inspire all those wonderful Marthas who have so lovably cumbered themselves with serving the soldiers treated as heroes when the guns were shooting and apt to be only "poor fellows" when the shooting and tumult had died away.

CHAPTER XVII

THE KING'S ILLNESS

"I HEAR the Queen looked radiant at the birthday luncheon, middle age has touched her the more gently because when quite young, she looked a little more than her years, perhaps because whatever the circumstances she was always so perfectly 'turned out'. Twenty years hence she will look no whit older than today. I am sure she renders a very strict account to herself of every hour of her life, so that no minute of any hour is wasted.

What is the equivalent in French for 'Cut and Dried'? Everything the Queen does is cut precisely to measure and thoroughly dried before use. Her very perfection may prevent her gripping popular imagination as did her mother, she may occasionally miss something which Princess Mary would have seen and pounced on. But for sheer merit and fineness of character you may search the Empire and not find her match. When history is written I am sure it will be said that at a time when Empires were crumbling and Monarchies tumbling,

ROME

the Queen was not the least important buttress of the British Throne. How different it might have been for France in 1870 if there had been a Queen Mary instead of an Empress Eugénie at the Tuilleries."

So runs a letter in May, 1923, from a very unimportant person to a friend in France, and however rough in text and tone, it may not be altogether beside the mark. The occasion, of course, was the luncheon assembled to greet the Queen on her birthday, and the Queen may have been the more radiant in talk as well as looks because she had just returned from her first visit to Rome, where her expectations, as an enthusiastic sightseer, had been richly fulfilled. Queen Mary may not normally be a great talker herself, although if she pleases she can talk on almost any subject except perhaps horse-racing, which she rather dimly understands, and politics, which she carefully eschews. But the last new book or play, the drama and literature generally, memoirs, family history, flowers, furniture and graver themes, are within her easy range, and especially is she mistress in the art of making the other person talk; people are known to have entered her presence in a tongue-tied tremor of shyness, and to have emerged feeling that they had never before been so conversational.

Rome in 1923 had been a rich reward for the splendid

QUEEN MARY

adventure at Belfast in 1922 when, as a matter of fact, and perhaps largely owing to a woman's courage, no untoward incident had occurred. And in memory the Queen may travel back to the Eternal City, not only for its ancient monuments, the Pantheon, the Forum, but for the gracious hospitality of Italy's King and Queen,¹ of the ten minutes' really happy talk with the Holy Father, the Band of the Palatine Guard playing our National Anthem, the great Scala Clementi, the Vatican Library and all that she crowded, without apparent hurry, into those three days when she caused the Romans to say there had been no such royal sightseer in Italy since Isabella d'Este wore her attendants to a standstill at Venice. And one morning, while the King had converse with the Ambassador, she went on a little round by herself, ending up with St. Paul's outside the Walls and to St. Clementi, where she rather surprised the Father Prior of the Dominicans by what she knew of Roman history and art and architecture; that was indeed a wonderful morning to which the inevitable Horse Show in the afternoon may have come as somewhat of an anti-climax. And the quiet Sunday hours spent in the Montecchino cemetery, where nearly five hundred British soldiers lie and where she represented the English mothers and wives for whom it

¹ Queen Elena's brother married Queen Mary's cousin, Princess Jutta of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.



Central Press

THE KING AND QUEEN
after the former's illness, 1929



AT ASCOT

Left to right —The Duke of York, The Prince of Wales, The Queen, The Duke of Connaught,
The Earl of Harewood, Lady Patricia Ramsay

The Times

BIRTHDAY PARADE

would be too long a journey to find the honoured graves ; and when, at the foot of the great stone cross, the King had laid his wreath, the Queen laid hers also and asked that the little girls present wearing their white First Communion dresses, might place their simple nosegays at the side of it.

And with the end of the War came a series of State visits to London. President Wilson was the first to arrive and he insisted on bringing Mrs. Wilson ; hitherto a President has always come *en garçon* and the happy thought of the Chief of the American Republic might not have been quite so happy but for the exquisite tact of Queen Mary ; the Wilsons were quickly followed by M. and Mme. Poincaré, and if the latter proved herself to be the most perfect type of "political wife", the President told the present writer that the "gracious hospitality of King George and Queen Mary would remain as the happiest memory of all his life".

And the King invited Marshal Foch to come over and ride close to him at the Birthday Parade and, to his last day, the great Soldier of France would talk of his *déjeuner à trois* with the King and Queen of England. And the Kings and Queens of Denmark and Roumania came officially and the Kings and Queens of Spain and Norway privately ; Queen Ena and Queen Maud had been careful to remember what another Queen Consort had sadly forgotten, that international etiquette forbids

QUEEN MARY

the wife of a neutral King to visit a belligerent country in time of war, so their coming completed a regular family reunion.

And three times in quick succession the King was to give his "Consent in Council" and each time a member of the Royal House married into a "noble" family. When, in 1917, the King bestowed on his relations peerages of the United Kingdom in lieu of their German titles, and took the family name of Windsor¹ it was fully certain that the Queen and he would view with favour marriages between their children and the offspring of territorial magnates and peers of the realm, so to the son of Lord Harewood and the daughter of Lord Strathmore, in whose veins flowed blood worthy to mix with any blood in Europe, they gave the warmest welcome. And soon there was to be a revival of all that is meant—and how much this is—by the "Nursery" and there was so little about that department which was not at Queen Mary's fingers ends. And the grandchildren were to become more and more objects of interest and soon the little boys would sit solemnly facing the Queen as she drove in her great swinging barouche with the seventeen hand bays to and from the parade for the Trooping of the Colour; the little fair-haired Elizabeth was not always good, but she would

¹ A story was current that the Kaiser, as soon as he heard of this, ordered a State performance of the "Merry Wives of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha".

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE

always "own up" and be sorry when she was naughty and thus scored a great point with her grandmother, who was herself the mirror of truth.

Queen Mary holds the doctrine of not allowing one's own griefs to affect or depress others. She would not banish the smile from her face when there came for her the sharp spasm of sorrow in the sudden death of her eldest brother, the "beloved Dolly", who in her youth had been the confidant of all her secrets. Lord Cambridge was a warm-hearted, manly, downright Englishman to the core and his sister could look to him, and never look in vain, for all the strength that sort of brother can give. And for a moment there arose a little anxiety about the King's health and in the spring of 1926 the King, who would never stir from England for pleasure, was urged by the doctors to go for a cruise in the Mediterranean; the cruise turned out a great success, for the King loved every minute afloat and the Queen loved every minute ashore, and as there was a landing in Sicily and other places she always wanted to see, and long, fairly quiet spells on the blue water, both were satisfied and there was a return in radiant health and spirits for the opening of the great Exhibition at Wembley, one of the largest of the countless exhibitions which make the bones of most people ache with fatigue but never seem to tire a tireless Queen.

And then the unhappy was to happen and in

QUEEN MARY

November, 1929, the King contracted and neglected a chill ; he continued to work when all work should have been denied him and refused to give in till the hour struck when doctors and nurses were hurriedly summoned to the Palace, and there began the long drawn out weeks of struggle with the King of Terrors himself.

There are some women who seem to adapt themselves quite naturally and without effort to a sickroom ; there are others, no less amiable, who in the neighbourhood of illness immediately become artificial. Mrs. Nickleby, it will be remembered, would enter the sickroom with an elaborate caution calculated to discompose the nerves of the patient far more than the arrival of a horse soldier at full gallop. But Queen Mary's presence and touch never failed to soothe, nor did her courage ever really falter even when she wrote of her agony in watching "the strain on his heart battling with this awful fever". Through the long winter days and longer winter nights she watched in ceaseless, and often sleepless, suspense, but those near her were quick to say that underlying the suspense was the sure feeling that, in God's good hands the issue would be no other than what she and the whole people so passionately prayed for. It was to be a desperate fight with many setbacks and many recurring disappointments, and although there was an official return, with a Household Cavalry Escort, to Buckingham Palace in June, 1930, it was not until a



QUEEN MARY, 1934



Sport and General
PRINCESS NICHOLAS, THE KING, PRINCESS MARINA, THE DUKE OF KENT, THE QUEEN
AND PRINCE NICHOLAS

THANKSGIVING

month later that Queen Mary could say "the doctors have every hope that the King will be restored before long to perfect health". And then on the 7th July, in Westminster Abbey, high praise was given to the Giver of all good things for the life which had been snatched from peril and saved for the good of the people ; it was a simple service of prayer and hymn with little ceremonial, sounding a single note of thanksgiving and sustaining it to the end. And Queen Mary, as she knelt beside the King, beautiful in her blue and silver ; and Queen Mary as she wrote a month later from her Norfolk home : " We are so glad to be back here sitting out amongst the flowers in the garden" ; and Queen Mary, true to herself and to every one else, occupying herself in utter simplicity and dignity with the business of the land she loves ; and Queen Mary as on a May morning in this Year of Grace she drives in royal state among cheering throngs to the heart of the City, remains unchanged through the changing years, a Queen, a Wife, a Mother and, above all, all that is meant by that most beautiful word in the English language, a Woman.

*That it may please Thee to bless and preserve our
gracious Queen Mary.*

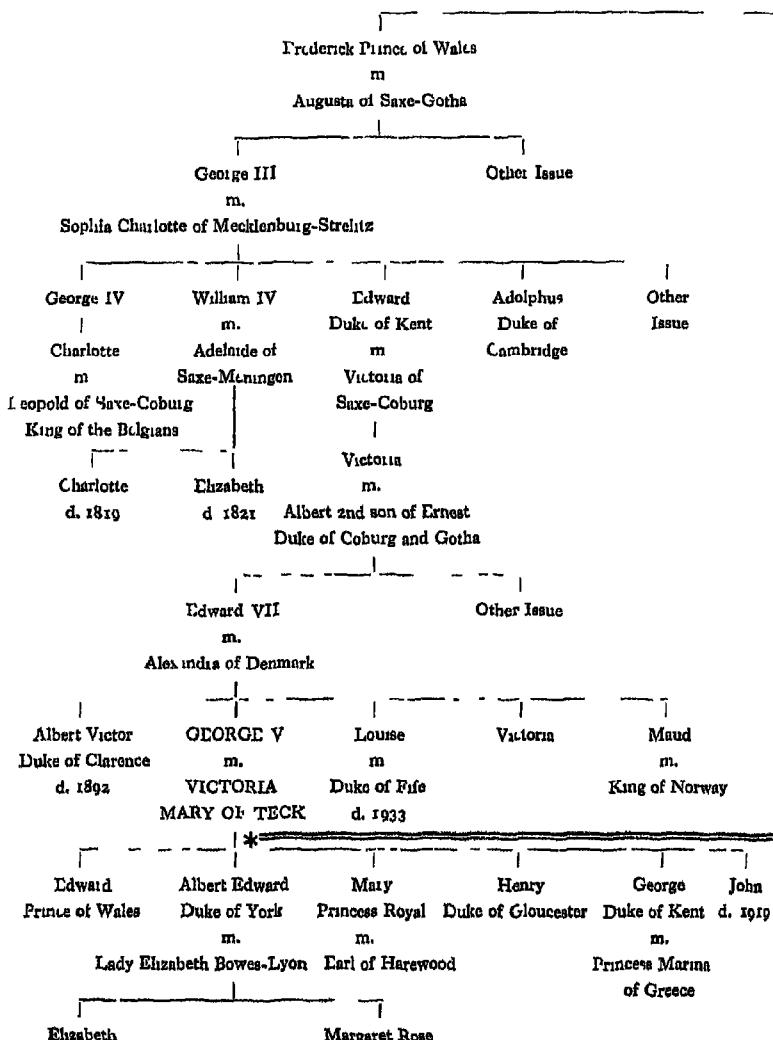
Durga Sagar Municipal Library,
Taluk Office,

ଦୁର୍ଗା ଶାଗର ମୁନିଷିପାଲ ଲିବ୍ରେରୀ

ଫିଲେଟ୍

GENEALOGICAL TABLE

George II m.



Wilhemina Carolina of
Brandenburg-Anspach

